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THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME: IN THE GALLERY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If there be still any doubt as to the undesirability of signed criticisms the recently published letters of Sir Walter Scott, read in connection with his Journal (a combination which makes many obscure places in the Life by Lockhart plain) should settle the question. It is now certain that Scott's quarrel with Jeffrey was not on account of the politics of the *Edinburgh* but of the review of "Marmion." Scott was a very good-natured man, but he was human, and was also full of common-sense. He could understand an angel, who was quite perfect in other respects, being unable to write a review of a friend's book, however admirably written, without picking holes in it; but he could not understand a man subject to the weakness of social affections doing the like. If he could not write a notice without offence, or doing mischief, he might have abstained from doing it altogether. Of course there are some men who are so pachydermatous themselves that they do not know when they are hurting the feelings of others, but they are nobody's friends. As a general rule, what is true of conversation is true of reviews—that if a man has nothing he can honestly say in favour of a friend he had better hold his tongue. At all events, by a neglect of this precaution in the case in question the friendship between two noble natures was certainly destroyed. It is quite painful to compare Scott's statement to Surtees that "author and critic dined together and had a hearty laugh over the revision of the flagellation" (i.e., the review of "Marmion") with the sentiments on the subject expressed in his private Journal.

What still remains a mystery is why the man who afterwards wrote such enthusiastic and admiring criticisms of Dickens's works, not only of the "Carol," but of "Dombey," which is not so generally admired, wrote as he did of "Marmion." He could hardly have liked Scott's works less well than Dickens's, though many of us do so, and he had every reason for conciliating Scott. Perhaps his earlier manner was to show his independence; otherwise we must conclude that he grew much more genial and tender-hearted in old age.

What one is glad to read in the "Letters" is the contempt Scott exhibits for the piling literary humbugs who, even in those comparatively unaffected days, pretended that they looked for no pecuniary reward for their labours, and, no doubt full of envy at the harvest Scott was reaping, abused him for writing for money, as Shakspere did before and Tennyson after him. He begs Miss Seward to "acquit him of the vile vanity of wishing to hold himself forth as one despising to reap any profit from his literary pursuit, which he should hold to be ineffable conceit and folly in a man much richer than himself."

It is curious in days when the "living wage" is so much discussed, and so many novels have the poor and their needs for their subject, that the topic of good cheer has utterly faded from the pages of fiction. In the hands of genius it has played interesting parts, though nowhere with such success as in those of Dickens. The venison pasty and the flagon of wine that the Black Knight and Friar Tuck discuss together will indeed occur to every reader's recollection, but there is little detail about them; there is the mere satisfaction of appetite, not the genial and long-drawn-out enjoyment that is portrayed, for example, in the Christmas dinner of the family of Tiny Tim. The size of the turkey which Scrooge sent to his clerk, and which excites almost as much interest in us as pleasure in the giver, is what no novelist would now dare to try his hand at. It is made a matter of complaint by modern critics that there is "too much eating and drinking in Dickens"—by which I suppose they mean in his earlier works, for there is none in his later, save the immortal meal (eaten by the waiter) in "David Copperfield," and the Greenwich dinner given by the adopted daughter of the Golden Dustman to her father. Dickens's descriptions of the joys of the table may, perhaps, be gross and material, but at Christmas time, at all events, one seems to miss them; and there was certainly something cheerful about them, and infinitely preferable to those analyses of the human mind with which earnest novelists now favour us at all times, inclusive of the festive season. These philosophic writers have never themselves experienced, as Dickens had done, the want of a dinner, nor probably known that the Scripture itself speaks of "wine which cheereth God and man." Their heroes and heroines make themselves miserable because they cannot stomach some fine-drawn dogma or another, and fall into the serious error of supposing it to be of more consequence than the absence of bread and cheese. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Dickens before all things was "forward" to remember the poor, and, painting their enjoyments as they really are, he naturally dwelt on their rare feast times.

The passion of mankind for "curios" is almost universal and very various: and what to one man is an object of desire, for others has not the smallest attraction; they even touch their foreheads with significance when they see him poring over his "collection," and wonder that his friends permit him to be at large. It is one of those

cases where the proverbial maxim of "put yourself in his place" is impossible to be employed. To one person a copy of the first edition of a book, especially if it has errors in it, is worth all the others put together, including the *édition de luxe*. Another gloats over a stamp from the Cannibal Islands, which is all the more valuable if it has been used. These people are not mad on other matters, and may even have great intelligence. Sir Walter Scott laid immense store upon the wine-glass out of which George IV. drank when he visited Edinburgh, and had it not (one is glad to read) been broken in his pocket would have added it to his "collection" at Abbotsford. These things are a matter of taste, and can never be argued about; but people may have "a good deal of taste and all bad." This must have been the case, I think, with the purchasers of the late Mr. Deeming's personal property at Melbourne. The axe and knife with which he murdered his victim fetched £4 15s., we are told, and the spade with which he dug her grave a guinea. "His clothing was eagerly bid for, even down to half-a-dozen pairs of patched socks." This is strange enough, since while he was awaiting his trial nobody would have stood in his shoes for anything.

Almost every incident in fiction is said to have some sort of foundation in fact: it would be, however, more just to say that this is the case with the description of personal eccentricities rather than of incidents. It seems probable that the "wilful legs" of Lord Feenix (which took him into gambling-houses, for example, where a man who had "seconded the address" would hardly have been voluntarily led) were borrowed from those of Lord Stuart of Rothesay, described in the recently published volume "Two Noble Lives." He was Ambassador at St. Petersburg in 1844, and had authority over many persons, but could not, it seems, control his legs. He apologises to his secretary for running past him in the streets, though he particularly wished to speak to him, which he could not do till brought up by a friendly lamp-post. This peculiarity was supposed to arise from a sort of nervous paralysis, but Talleyrand would probably have explained it otherwise. At all events, it was a suspiciously convenient disorder for a diplomatist to have, and one by means of which he could have cut short any embarrassing interview. For a soldier, on the other hand, it would be a serious drawback: a commander-in-chief would hardly take as an excuse from "an officer and a gentleman" his being run away with from the field of battle by his legs.

What forms one of the greatest attractions of criminal trials, and in a less degree of civil cases, is what may be called their accessories, which are almost always curious and effective. We are introduced to a whole world of more or less shady people, who would otherwise have escaped our attention. We are apt to look upon an accused person as an individual living among a respectable community in which he is the only exception, whereas the strong light of legal proceedings discloses the fact that his surroundings and companions are as suspicious in their way as his own situation. What is called the Ardlamont Mystery is no exception to this: we shall be always indebted to it for the acquaintance of some very queer people. It is true that cross-examination is often very unfairly conducted, and, like the effect of a magic-lantern, exaggerates and makes monstrous much of what it sets before us; but the objects it exhibits are generally of themselves, from a social point of view, a good deal out of perspective. The principal characters in the drama one expects to be under a cloud, but it shadows, more or less, with few exceptions, the whole strength of the company.

Ignorant laymen are accustomed to speak of the cumbrousness of English law, as though elsewhere it was administered with the promptness of an Eastern Cadi; such persons have evidently no knowledge of Scotch law. The reader who sat down to the great *cuisse cîlbre* in Edinburgh, and flattered himself he had one of Mr. Sherlock Holmes's cases before him, only a little longer, soon found himself disillusioned. He was in such a network of what seemed to him irrelevant evidence that he became alarmed lest he should be implicated in the matter himself. In an argument respecting the length of legal proceedings and their consonance with the fundamental rules of justice, an English judge, we are told, thus delivered himself: "The laws of God and man both give to the accused party an opportunity to make his defence; if he have any. Even the Creator himself did not pass sentence on Adam before he was called upon to show cause. 'Adam, where art thou? Hast thou not eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?' And the same question was put to the female offender." Still, the proceedings themselves were brief, and quite unencumbered by irrelevant matter.

The remark made on a prolix Scotch counsel, when someone observed that he was "surely wasting a great deal of time," is among the wittiest of Bar anecdotes: "Time! He has long exhausted Time, and has encroached upon Eternity!" It is seldom, to do the judges justice, that they encourage this failing in counsel; but in Cockburn's "Memoirs" we are told how a dull and commonplace advocate was almost frightened out of his wits by an observation of Lord Meadowbank (who thought his

style undignified): "Declaim, Sir! why don't you declaim? Speak to me as if I were a popular assembly."

The shortest and most intelligible Chancery suit on record was probably one, recorded by Mr. Croake James, between Lord Enniskillen and a lady litigant. It was about a piece of waste land that promised little harvest except to the lawyers, and his Lordship called upon his opponent, and proposed, instead of fighting it out, to toss for it. "Come," he said, producing a sovereign, "Heads or tails, Ma'am?" This very sensible lady at once fell into his humour, and cried "Tails!"—which it was. What rather spoils the story, though greatly to her credit, was that she had afterwards misgivings about the respectability of this way of settling matters (as if the law was not a toss-up), and selling the land in question, bestowed it on a charity.

"If it hadn't been for gowf," Tom Morris is said to have observed, "I'm no sure that at this day I had haen been a leevin' man." He went on to describe it as a panacea for all mental worries which, with its help, he has "warsled" through. And I daresay he spoke the truth. He knocked them down like another Hercules—not with his club but with his cleek. The game can be played from childhood to hale old age, which is the case only with a few games. The proverbial praise accorded to skittles—"Life is not all beer and skittles"—would seem to put it at the top of the tree of enjoyment, but we begin it later and relinquish it earlier, or, at the best, pass the remainder of our existence over that poor substitute for it, American bowls. It can almost be said of golf as of another pursuit, not so much a game as an exercise—

Care flies to it, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear;
And Sorrow, with her tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

Only if you once begin to cry, you would miss your stroke, and perhaps break your driver. There is only one other game that is to compare with golf, as a permanency, and that is whist, which, moreover, can be played in all weathers. It is not, perhaps, every whist-player who can say, as Tom Morris says, "I canna mind that I ever had an unpleasent ward frae ony of the many genelman I've played with. I've aye tried to mak' masel' pleasant to them, and they've aye been awfu' pleasant to me." But "those who play at bowls," says the proverb, "must expect rubbers," and this is naturally still more true of whist. As a rule, it is more genial than other games, because you have a partner to sympathise with you, as, indeed, in the "foursome" at least, you have in golf; and, to my mind, there is always a certain antagonism in games of two, which robs them of their agreeableness. In golf you want links to play upon, but whist only requires a table, and is not only independent of the elements, but flourishes all the more in winter and rough weather. As a devotee of the game finely puts it, "Any fool will play on a wet day, but give me the man who will play on a fine one." I do not go the length of adding, as he does, that "when a man doesn't play at whist in the afternoon, we may depend upon it he is doing something wrong," but it must be admitted there is some ground for suspicion. At all events, it is observable that when a man has no game in which he takes pleasure, he always has a "fad" of a more or less mischievous kind.

The carelessness with which the British public regard risks, however serious, is only less remarkable than its alarm when they become catastrophes. There is a panic now about bombs because they have been thrown with frightful effect; but if they had been thrown and not gone off the fiendishness of the attempt would have excited little stir. About twice a week exactly the same sort of crime is attempted in these isles: the motive may be a little more particular—it is an affair rather of private malice than of hatred of the human race—but the wholesale danger to innocent and helpless persons is equally great. I refer to the attempts to throw railway trains off the line, which are almost as common as the throwing stones at them; but because no catastrophe has yet happened we continue to award a few months' imprisonment for each offence, and wait for a hundred passengers or so to be mangled out of recognition before making it a hanging matter. Why the bomb-thrower should be regarded with such passionate indignation and the train-wrecker with such philosophic indifference is a problem in morality beyond my solving.

How differently "the festive season" strikes age and youth! With what delight do the latter receive the postman, and especially the parcel post! They know nothing of the phrase, "to account rendered," and wonder that dear papa's income-tax paper is not illustrated, as all their communications are. Above all are they delighted with the new Christmas cards with the names of their friends upon them in real print, though, upon reflection, those of an economical turn of mind regret that they can hardly "send them on." A little lady of my acquaintance, aged six, went for the first time the other day to lay out her money in Christmas presents. She returned with rapture with the invoice. "Mother, I am so happy, and feel so grown up! I have got a bill made out all to myself. A dear little bill!"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE MR. E. STANHOPE, M.P.

The sudden death on Thursday evening, Dec. 21, of the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, at his residence, Chevening, near Sevenoaks, is a serious loss to the House of Commons, and must be regretted by men of all political parties, as taking one from the list of those capable, whenever they happen to be in a Ministry, of managing an official department well. He was in the fifty-fourth year of his age, born second son of the fifth Earl Stanhope, and was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, where he was chosen Fellow of All Souls' in 1862. Mr. Stanhope was elected M.P. for Mid-Lincolnshire in February 1874, for which constituency he sat until 1885, when he was elected for the South Lindsey or Horncastle Division of that county. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade from November 1875 to April 1878, and Under-Secretary of State for India from the latter date to April 1880. Other offices held by him were those of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, President of the Board of Trade, Colonial Secretary and (from 1887 to 1892) Secretary of State for War. Among the War Office reforms carried out by Mr. Stanhope were the abolition of the office of Surveyor-General of Ordnance, and the transfer from the civil to the military side of the War Office of the responsibility for the design, inspection, and distribution of military stores.

The remains of Mr. Edward Stanhope were conveyed by railway on Dec. 26 to Tattershall Station, Lincolnshire, thence by road to Revesby, and were deposited for the night in the chancel of the church recently built by Mr. J. B. Stanhope and the deceased statesman. The funeral took place at Revesby next day. It was private, but there was a memorial service at the Horncastle parish church while the funeral was in progress. A memorial service was held at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Archdeacon Farrar officiated.

BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM.

On Friday, Dec. 22, Mr. John Hutton, Chairman of the London County Council, opened a new public recreation ground, which adjoins Fulham Palace. The land has been given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It consists of nineteen acres, the Bishop's Meadow and the West Meadow; altogether it will cost £20,000 in laying out. The London County Council has contributed £5000, and has granted the remainder as a loan to the Fulham Vestry. The new ground will be known by the name of Bishop's Park. It has been artistically laid out by Mr. J. P. Norrington, Surveyor to the Vestry. Mr. Webb, the able chief outdoor assistant to the Vestry, has had the entire superintendence of the work. The contractor was Mr. Joseph Mears, of Crabtree Wharf, Fulham, and Collingham Gardens, Kensington. Mr. Robert Neal, nurseryman, of Wandsworth Common, has supplied and planted the trees and shrubs. There was a luncheon at the Townhall before the ceremony at the park. Lord Dorchester and the Bishop of London were present.

THE MATABILI WAR.

The death of Captain Gwyneth Williams, son of General Owen Williams, in the earliest conflict of the British South Africa Company's force with the Matabili, on Oct. 25, has been noticed with regret since the news reached us several weeks ago; his portrait appeared on Nov. 18. A full account of the engagement, and of the accident by which this gallant and accomplished officer was separated from his comrades, has been supplied by Mr. Gerald Paget, who left Bulawayo on Nov. 13 and arrived in England on Dec. 16. The column of 280 armed and mounted Volunteers, with a seven-pounder field-gun, two Maxims, a Gardiner and Nordenfeldt machine-gun, and twelve wagons, from Fort Salisbury, was under the command of Major Forbes. Captain Gwyneth Williams, of the Royal Horse Guards, being well acquainted with the country—he accompanied Lord Randolph Churchill on his tour in Mashonaland—had joined this force, with his younger brother, Mr. Ifah Williams, and undertook scouting duty. The column was attacked, in its laager, by the Insukamini "impi," one of the strongest corps of King Lo Bengula's army, with some men of the Euxa, Enginga, and Egappa tribes, in all five thousand native warriors. They were defeated and pursued to their own kraal, which was then burnt, after driving them out. But Captain Gwyneth Williams and his brother were cut off from the party. It seems that the Captain's horse took fright and bolted at the firing, and galloped away through the hostile bands of savages hovering around. No more was seen of him, and neither the Kaffirs sent out next day to search for his "spoor," or track, nor Captain Borrow's troop on the days following, could discover where he was. A captured and wounded Matabili has since described the end. It is stated that the unfortunate officer, when his horse could go no further, dismounted and took his stand behind a heap of stones, where he was presently surrounded by his foes. He fired every charge of his repeating rifle and his revolver at them, killing or wounding several; he was at last shot in the forehead and killed.

DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

Pluckily enough, Sir Augustus Harris defied a threatened illness all through the last rehearsals of his beautiful Christmas pantomime, which is this year on the subject of

"Robinson Crusoe." He was seriously missed on Boxing Night, but after a rest, and when he has recovered his strength, he will return and set matters a little straight again. Meanwhile, there is much—perhaps a great deal too much—to see. The great successes of this year's show are the Fish ballet, the Indian ballet, and, of course, the elaborate and beautiful pictures illustrating the principal events in the reigns of the Kings and Queens of England. This is appropriately called "The History of England in Twenty Minutes." The clever little Ada Blanche distinguished herself as singer, dancer, and actress, and she had for her assistants Miss Marie Lloyd and Little Tich. Directly Sir Augustus Harris returns all will be well at Old Drury.

ROUND ABOUT ROCHESTER.

On the Medway, thirty miles east of London, just where the pleasant river quits the fair inland country of fertile and healthy Kent to expand in broad tidal waters that form a maritime gateway of the British Navy to the German Ocean, sits the ancient and historic city of Rochester; not magnificent or opulent, but very interesting, and presenting to the artist or antiquary many attractive features. The Cathedral, at first view, is much less imposing than the Castle, which stands well to the front, and is so grand a pile that it makes every other building

PANTOMIME AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Old time-honoured Drury will have a serious rival this year in the delightfully artistic and uniformly gorgeous setting given to the fairy story of "Cinderella" by Mr. Oscar Barrett. It is open to doubt if the London stage has ever seen any Christmas play of the kind conceived and executed in such faultless taste. It is hardly fair to call this dainty and charming "Cinderella" a pantomime, for the modern pantomime is associated in the public mind with rough-and-tumble fun, wild dances, and music-hall songs. Nothing of the kind is found at the Lyceum. Inspired by the absent master away in America, Mr. Oscar Barrett has out of the legend of "Cinderella" extracted a fairy opera beautiful to behold and delightful to listen to. All London will in a few days be talking of Mr. Hawes Craven's picture of the autumnal woods, where, around the sleeping Cinderella, a ballet is danced, all the girls being clad in what ladies call "Liberty tints." Every imaginable tone, tint, and hue of autumn is reproduced or suggested in these exquisite dresses, which will make the ladies envious, and regretful that they cannot borrow some of Mr. Wilhelm's designs for the next fancy ball. After this comes a Fairy Boudoir, where every article required by a young lady before arraying herself for conquest is represented in the dance. But the grandest and most artistically conceived scene of all is the illustrated history of the dance from the days of Rome to the days of

Victoria. Here music, dance, and colour join hands, and words cannot describe the beauty of the result. As might have been imagined, Miss Ellaline Terriss makes an absolutely ideal Cinderella. Everything stagey and theatrical vanishes from the mind. The new Cinderella is cut clean out of a lovely picture-book. And this is the central idea of Mr. Oscar Barrett's work. It is not to imitate the stage, but to make manifest on the stage the conspicuous advance of pictorial art. Mr. Henry Irving will be delighted to hear that his theatre this winter will once more be the rendezvous of refined and art-loving people. But all the same there are many opportunities for honest and genuine laughter. The boys will all lose their hearts to Miss Terriss, but they will roar at the antics of Mr. Charles Lauri as Cinderella's cat, and at Mr. Victor Stevens as the ugly sister. No one should miss "Cinderella" at the Lyceum.

A PICTURESQUE WALKING TOUR.

From Paddington to Penzance. By Charles G. Harper. (Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.)—This is a disappointing record of a somewhat picturesque walking tour, from London to Penzance. Mainly, of course, the way lies through the land of trippers, through towns long seized upon by the aspiring promoter of cheap excursions and the valetudinarian seeking a climate. From London to Richmond, from Richmond to Bray, from Bray to Reading by river, from Reading over the rolling downs of Hampshire to Weymouth, and so by the lovely coasts of Devon and Cornwall to the Land's End, did the tourists' path lay. It was open to them either to have preserved a conspiracy of silence in reference to the whole undertaking, or to have treated it from some serious or purely flippant standpoint which should have possessed the merit of novelty. Neither of these methods did Mr. Harper adopt. His book is heralded with an amusing introduction, in which the efforts of others who have gone over the ground are pooh-poohed with delicious airiness. He proclaims *urbi et orbi* that he is not like unto these—that he detests the observing Yankee, and has a profound contempt for the stodgy information of the guide-book. Starting with this lofty ideal before him, he begins his long work. Information, he seems to think, is best served in an *olla podrida* of flippant *causerie*, wherein the most commonplace observation has the headline of honour. The good people of London being ignorant of such matters, Mr.

Harper tells them that there are many boats on the river at Cookham during the summer, and that Richmond is a pleasant suburb, though frequented by vulgar people. This momentous mission being accomplished, he jogs along, pausing a moment to abuse Petersham Church and to rake up the history of Ham House. Having the keenest eye for brasses, he does not fail to rattle off the superscriptions with evident relish, or to enter a church which possesses the scantiest reference to some dead person whose life was of the scantiest interest. From time to time the flow of *naisseries* is checked, and we are enabled to glean some sparkling gems of good story or of well-told anecdote. The intervals are far too few, however, to redeem the general tedium of the text, and in sheer weariness the reader is compelled to console himself with the illustrations. These are of quite another order. Mr. Harper has true poetic feeling and admirable draughtsmanship. I have rarely seen more pleasing views of Winchester; and his sketches of Exeter Cathedral and of other churches are extremely creditable. Such an artist was very right to spurn the charms of bicycle or of dog-cart, and to tramp to the remote south, for thus only would he have found opportunity to make those happy drawings of ideal little scenes which abound throughout his work. He has the right feeling for such efforts, and his happiness in catching the atmosphere of Devon, and in getting to the marrow of the quainter pictures, is worthy of great praise. M. P.

Archduke Otto, second son of Archduke Charles Louis, the Heir Presumptive to the Austrian throne, will start from Vienna next month on a journey to the East. He will first visit Egypt, and thence proceed either to Palestine or to India.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. EDWARD STANHOPE, M.P.,
MINISTER OF STATE FOR WAR IN THE LAST CONSERVATIVE ADMINISTRATION.

From a Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

look small. What remains of it is the nearly perfect shell of a huge square Norman keep, roofless and empty, still plainly showing its interior plan, and, like Kenilworth, which is of much later date, proving itself once a dwelling as well as a fortress. There are the columns of the portal by which the great hall was entered, and there is the fireplace. The floors are gone, but the elevations of the upper storeys are distinctly seen; and you may ascend the winding staircases, in the angle turrets, which formerly gave access to many lofty chambers, and fancy yourself the guest of a "belted Earl," who kept a score of mailed knights and five hundred men-at-arms ever ready to attend his banner in the service of the Plantagenet King. As for the Cathedral, though one of the oldest episcopal foundations, belonging to the Saxon era, and displaying a Norman west front, with a fine doorway of five receding arches and sculptured figures of Henry I. and Queen Maud, its exterior lacks the majesty of some other sacred edifices, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by richer ecclesiastical lords. Rochester possesses some quaint and picturesque houses and street-corners, where it is possible to dream of the past. In our own day, this town and neighbourhood, as far as Gad's Hill and Cobham, have been associated with the lively genius and frequent sojourn of Charles Dickens, who was fond of it as the home of his childhood. The "Pickwick Papers," "Great Expectations," and "Edwin Drood" bear witness to the constancy of his attachment to Rochester and all that is about the place. It is to be hoped that some of us have not forgotten the military review, Mr. Pickwick's duel with fierce Dr. Slammer, the delightful hospitality of Squire Wardle, and Mr. Tupman's love-sick retreat to the Leather Bottle at Cobham, where they found him.

Old Church and Buildings in the Park.



A Grove in the Park.

A Corner of the Park.

The Embankment along the Thames.



Entrance to the Bishop's House.

The Moat.



"BETTER SPORT."—BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

PERSONAL.

With Sir George Elliot has passed away a typical representative of the self-made man. He began life in a mine, of which he subsequently became the proprietor, and he worked his way from the humblest capacity to great wealth by dint of those qualities which make the individualism of commercial energy. At one time Sir George was a partner in the firm of Elliott and Glass, wire-rope manufacturers, who had the distinction of making the Atlantic cable laid by the Great Eastern. His thorough knowledge of the coal-fields of England led him to combat the theory, advanced by some scientific authorities, that our coal supply was approaching exhaustion. The figures he supplied as to the national resources in that respect effectually removed any apprehension. Towards the end of his life Sir George conceived the remarkable project of a huge Coal Trust, which was to have the effect of assuring employment to the miners and low prices to the public. For some time Sir George Elliot sat in the House of Commons as the representative of Monmouth, but he lost his seat at the General Election of 1892.

The bye-election in the Accrington Division of Lancashire resulted in the return of Mr. J. F. Leese, who was elected in 1892, and vacated the seat on his appointment as Recorder of Manchester. Mr. Leese's opponent was Mr. R. T. Hermon-Hodge, who sat for Accrington in the last Parliament. At the General Election Mr. Hermon-Hodge was defeated by a majority of 547, and in the late contest Mr. Leese retained the seat for his party with a majority of 258. The fight was very keen, and turned to a great extent on the action of the House of Lords in regard to the Employers' Liability Bill. As the Conservatives hoped to win Accrington, and the Liberals to keep it by an increased vote, the result has caused some disappointment to both sides. An Independent Labour candidate took the field, but withdrew before the poll, advising his friends to abstain from voting. Since the General Election the Government have lost four seats and won three.

Captain Hall, of H.M.S. Resolution, has had an experience which is likely to remember for the rest of his career. The Resolution is a new battle-ship, and on her first voyage she encountered a terrific gale in the Bay of Biscay. The accounts of her behaviour in the heavy sea are somewhat discouraging. Hundreds of tons of water found their way between decks, and the ship rolled so badly that her officers feared she would capsize. Captain Hall thought it prudent to put back to Queenstown, and reached that port in safety; but the damage done to the ironclad is so great that repairs are expected to cost fifteen thousand pounds. The Resolution was accompanied by the little gun-boat Gleaner, which weathered the storm and arrived at Vigo. Perhaps it is too much to expect that our huge war-ships should behave well in very bad weather. Their tremendous weight detracts from their seaworthiness, and if all that quantity of metal is needed for the purposes of naval warfare, it is not likely to be conducive to agreeable navigation.

It is thirty-three years since Blondin made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and he has returned once more to the scene of the triumphs which electrified an earlier generation. Though an old man now, Blondin retains all the skill and nerve which enabled him to cross Niagara several times. He retains, too, the old terrifying habit of pretending to lose his footing. Some of us remember this as one of the most awful impressions of our childhood. The writer of these lines has never forgotten a windy day at Liverpool when Blondin ran along a rope at a great height, the rope swaying with every gust, and suddenly slipped, to the breathless horror of the spectators. It is a remarkable fact that although this marvellous man has performed feats of courage and dexterity never equalled or even approached, he has had no accident of any kind. It is understood that in his earlier days Blondin made a considerable fortune, but lost it in some business in which he was less skilful than on the tight-rope. This is all the more reason why in his old age he should command popular sympathy as well as admiration.

The removal of Sir Francis Clare Ford's diplomatic services from Constantinople to the Italian capital is, doubtless, quite in accordance with traditions of the relative bearing of international dealings and affairs on each other, from the point of view of our foreign policy as well as in the order of promotion to first-class Embassies. It was not quite two years ago, in January 1892, that he succeeded the late Sir William White at Therapia, on the Bosphorus, having previously been at Madrid from 1887, at Athens, and at Rio de Janeiro. In Spain he was a very acceptable representative of Great Britain, as from his personal qualities he is likely to be elsewhere. We do not know whether his family connection with the author of that amusing, clever, and learned, but rather censorious, work, "Ford's Handbook of Spain," was calculated to win him popularity there before the Spaniards made his personal acquaintance, but Sir Francis has the art of making friends.

Melodrama has lost its chief craftsman by the death of Mr. Henry Pettitt, at the age of forty-five. Mr. Pettitt was originally, we believe, a schoolmaster; but a dozen or fifteen years ago he turned his attention to play-writing, with immediate success. A long series of melodramas,

written in collaboration very often with Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. George R. Sims, gave Mr. Pettitt an unbroken popularity. They were not masterpieces of character and diction, but they were invariably constructed with an unerring perception of the taste which distinguishes the public of Drury Lane and the Adelphi. Much of the effect depended on spectacular sensations, and especially in the choice of familiar resorts, which have an inexhaustible fascination on the stage. Boulter's Lock on Sunday, Leicester Square by moonlight, supplied Mr. Pettitt with substantial material which made the construction of a story a comparatively insignificant affair. The most recent pieces associated with Mr. Pettitt's name are "A Life of Pleasure" and "A Woman's Revenge," both of which are still in the full tide of success. It seems a far cry now to "The World," a melodrama in which Sir Augustus Harris himself graced the stage, before the cares of an impresario withdrew him from that sphere of art. Mr. Pettitt's personal qualities gained him many friends, and probably no successful man was ever so modest. The last thing which he would be induced to believe was that a new production would be anything but a complete failure, which he invariably predicted until the curtain rose.

There is not much difficulty in understanding that the Foreign Office may, upon some occasions, have very good reasons for appointing a

specially well-informed member of its headquarters administrative staff to an important first-class Embassy, instead of following the customary routine order of promotion from those who have previously been chief diplomatic representatives of our Government at foreign

Courts. The selection, therefore, of Sir Philip Wodehouse Currie, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to reside at Constantinople, and to maintain British policy, in communication with what used to be styled "the Sublime Porte," is probably judicious and expedient, for nobody can ever feel sure that we have done with "the Eastern Question," in one shape or another. This experienced civil servant of her Majesty, during forty years past, has repeatedly acted as secretary to special embassies: in 1863, concerning the Danish succession and Schleswig-Holstein; in 1867, concerning the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg; in 1876, at Constantinople, with Lord Salisbury; and in 1878, at the Berlin Congress, terminating the last war between Russia and Turkey; he has also been charged with the correspondence relating to Cyprus, and with the protocols at the Conference of 1884 on Egyptian finance. Sir Philip was made a Knight of the Bath in 1885, and in 1892 Grand Cross of that Order.

There have been festivities at Toulon to celebrate the French victory which compelled the English fleet to quit that port rather hastily one fine day towards the end of the last century. The incident has a purely historical interest for Englishmen, whose withers are not wrung by the knowledge that the dawning genius of Napoleon proved too much for the British forces at that particular juncture. It was at Toulon that Bonaparte won his earliest distinction, for the sudden withdrawal of the English fleet was entirely due to his masterly calculations. It seems that in the course of the recent festivities a certain M. Deloncle took occasion to denounce England, and to accuse her of constantly seeking to form alliances against France by land and sea. These alliances have no existence except in M. Deloncle's brain, but so complete is the French ignorance of foreign politics that his fantastic figments are seriously discussed by the class of people who firmly believed that M. Clémenceau was the paid agent of the British Government. England, as Sir Charles Dilke said lately in the House of Commons, is the most unpopular Power in the world except China. The secret of that unpopularity appears to be that Englishmen flatly refuse to distress themselves about the absurd imaginings of their neighbours.

It is curious that M. Clémenceau, who was a short time ago the most unpopular man in France, has succeeded in alarming the French about the condition of their Navy. Nobody suggests that M. Clémenceau denounces the naval administration at Toulon because his pockets are full of British gold. That calumny is forgotten, and the French public are honestly scared to learn that their torpedo-boats are worthless, that some of their ironclads are fitted with boilers which are constantly on the point of bursting, that others have never been trusted outside of harbours, and that the whole French Navy is lamentably deficient in officers. There is a story that when a French admiral puts to sea he is provided with instructions from Paris carefully specifying on a chart the course he is to pursue, and leaving nothing to his discretion. We may console ourselves for the shortcomings of our own Navy with the reflection that the British sea-dog is not reduced to this bureaucratic routine.

Miss Ellaline Terriss, whose performance of Cinderella in Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime at the Lyceum is a perfect incarnation of the most delightful heroine of fairy legend, is the daughter of Mr. William Terriss, who has many associations with the Lyceum, and is now the leading man in Mr. Irving's company in America. Mr. Oscar Barrett has made a resolute effort to restore the fairy

tale to the stage, and he could not possibly have found a more charming representative of the ideal sentiment of the children's story-book than Miss Ellaline Terriss. When Cinderella sits beside the kitchen fire with no solace except the affectionate companionship of a stray cat, admirably impersonated by Mr. Charles Lauri, the spirit of the old fable is so exquisitely embodied that the veteran playgoer renews his youth, and enters heart and soul into the rapture of the youngest spectator whose shoes are a long way from the floor. Miss Terriss has a girlish charm and a winning simplicity which make an infinite refreshment in a form of entertainment usually delivered over to the seasoning of the music-hall artist.

Amongst the appeals to public beneficence which are common at this season is a letter from Mr. Lewis Emmanuel, who pleads the cause of the National Association of Local Parliaments. Mr. Emmanuel is a conspicuous politician in the Kensington Parliament, which has been the nursery of a great deal of oratorical eminence. It was in this assembly that the son of an illustrious personage electrified the House by exclaiming in the midst of a fervid peroration, "D—n it all, Mr. Speaker!" Mr. Emmanuel (who does not tell this story) urges that local Parliaments are admirable schools of elocution, and that they train men in the useful accomplishment of appropriate public speech. The Kensington Parliament has certainly furnished orators both to the House of Commons and the London County Council. Mr. Edmund Routledge, for instance, and Mr. Torr graduated at Kensington for those public functions which they now discharge to the admiration of their fellow-citizens.

The dangers to digestion of Christmas festivities have long been the theme of those successors of Jeremiah who are among our non-invited guests, but an incident which occurred at the Royal Surrey County Hospital adds a new terror. The members of the parish choir had been delighting the patients with some carol-singing, and were in their turn enjoying the lively pleasures of snapdragon, when, so the narrative goes, "one of the gentlemen threw some spirits upon the dish." The flames immediately burst up, and several of the visitors found themselves being burnt." Fortunately, the patients who had the sorrow of having to spend Christmas in hospital were not among those attacked by the ardent spirits; but one of the choirboys received such a shock to his system that he died within a few hours.

Mr. William F. Woodington, who had been an Associate of the Royal Academy since 1876, died on Dec. 24, having nearly completed his eighty-eighth year. He was a pupil of R. W. Sievier, who not only gained success in art, but had early turned his attention to science, and received the distinction of election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. But, though he was an excellent engraver, Mr. Woodington was fascinated by sculpture, and by his work therein he will be longest remembered. The colossal bust of Sir Joseph Paxton, upon which probably millions of visitors to the Crystal Palace have gazed, was by Mr. Woodington, as also were the six statues which form striking features of the Liverpool New Exchange Buildings.

The list of invalids still includes many notable figures in social and Parliamentary life. Happily, the Speaker of the House of Commons seems on the high road to recovery, and is expecting benefit from Brighton breezes. Mr. Birket Foster continues to improve. The Princess of Wales has been kept indoors at Sandringham by a severe cold, but is now better, and the same report applies to Mrs. Gladstone. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury have fled from London fogs to their home near Nice.



SIR PHILIP CURRIE, G.C.B.
New Ambassador at Constantinople.



Photo by Maull and Fox.
SIR CLARE FORD, G.C.B.,
The New Ambassador to Rome.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, kept Christmas at Osborne; the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and friends, at Sandringham.

The House of Lords, on Thursday, Dec. 21, adjourned till Friday, Jan. 12. The House of Commons, on Friday, Dec. 22, adjourned till Wednesday, Dec. 27, for the Christmas holidays.

The polling in the Accrington Division of Lancashire took place on Dec. 22, and resulted in the re-election of Mr. Leese (Gladstonian), who received 5822 votes against 5564 recorded for Mr. Hermon-Hodge (Conservative).

The annual meeting of the Imperial Institute was held on Dec. 20, the Prince of Wales presiding. It was reported that there are 8479 Fellows of the Institute. His Royal Highness in the evening gave a dinner party, at which were present the Duke of York, the Duke of Teck, Prince Alexander of Teck, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Knutsford, Sir F. Abel, Sir Somers Vine, and others. His Royal Highness and party afterwards attended the last concert of the year in the temporary Great Hall of the Institute.

On Dec. 22 Lord Salisbury received two deputations on the "contracting-out" clause of the Employers' Liability Bill. The first represented the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, and the other, trade unions and friendly societies; among its spokesmen were Mr. Burns, M.P., Mr. Harford (Railway Servants' Society), Mr. Fenwick, M.P., and Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P. Lord Salisbury protested against the idea that the supporters of the "contracting out" clause in the House of Lords wished to force anything on workmen. They wished to secure to each man his own freedom, to contract as well as to do anything else. He suggested the danger lest, if capitalists had the unlimited liability contemplated by the Bill imposed on them, trade might depart to foreign countries.

The trial of Mr. Alfred John Monson for the murder of Lieutenant Hambrough at Ardlamont, Argyllshire, which had occupied the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh ten days, was brought to a close on Dec. 22. Mr. Comrie Thomson having addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, the Lord Justice Clerk summed up, pointing out that the case was one of purely circumstantial evidence, and reviewing all the details. The jury returned a verdict on both the charges of "Not proven."

By a fire which broke out on Dec. 21 at Sheffield the premises of a large drapery firm were completely gutted, some adjoining buildings were destroyed, and damage done to an estimated amount of nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

A meeting of holders of bonds of the Greek External Loans, convened by the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, was held in London on Dec. 21, and resolved on appointing a committee to protect the interests of the bondholders against the recent measures of the Greek Government. Some public demonstrations have taken place in Greece against M. Tricoupi's policy of breaking faith with the national creditors, but he has a large majority of supporters in the Chamber.

An eminent French Republican political writer and man of action, M. Victor Schoelcher, died on Dec. 25, in the ninetieth year of his age. He was concerned in the July Revolution of 1830, the February Revolution of 1848, became Under-Secretary of the Marine Department under the Republic, defended a Paris street barricade against the December coup d'état of 1851, went into exile in Belgium, returned to France on the fall of the Empire in 1870, attempted to mediate between the Government and the Commune, and was afterwards made a Senator. He was, during his whole life, a zealous and laborious champion of the anti-slavery cause, and visited America, the West Indies, Egypt, and Senegal to investigate and expose the evils of negro slavery.

M. Emile Zola has, at the request of Cohen's friends, taken up the defence of that Dutch revolutionary Socialist or Anarchist, who has been expelled from France, and M. Zola takes an interest in him because Cohen has done good service to French literature by translating into French some Dutch and German books.

The Italian Embassy in Paris has sent a note contradicting the report that the Italian Government contemplated increasing the tax on the coupons of the Public Debt.

More rioting is reported from Sicily. At Lercara a mob surrounded the soldiers on Christmas Day. The troops fired. Four persons were killed and others wounded. In the Commune of Valguarnera the people tried to force their way into the barracks, and set fire to the principal buildings in the town. It appears that where violence has been committed it has first been directed against the gatehouses, where the taxes on food are levied, at the entrance to towns.

The Socialists at Amsterdam were holding a demonstration on Dec. 26 when the police were ordered to charge and disperse the mob with drawn sabres. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, and several persons were wounded, including three members of the Socialist Committee.

Two of the four men in custody at Prague, charged with the murder of the glove-maker Rudolf Mirva, from suspicions that he would disclose the secrets of a political association, have made a confession of their guilt. The crime was committed at the victim's lodgings.

At Barcelona, the Anarchist Cerezuelo, who was recently arrested, has confessed that he was the actual thrower of the bomb hurled from the gallery of the Liceo Theatre. The bombs which were left under the seats and failed to explode were placed in position by the Italian, Saldani. Another man, José Codina, manufactured the bombs from models prepared by José Bernard Sivepol. The clue to the entire conspiracy was placed in the hands of the police by a little girl eight years of age, daughter of the mistress of the house in which Codina lodged. The child states that the bombs used in the outrage against Marshal Martinez Campos were concealed at her mother's house in pots of artificial flowers.

The steamer Clan Matheson, belonging to Messrs. Cayzer, Irvine, and Co., of Glasgow, has run ashore in the Suez Canal. Transit through the Canal has consequently been suspended for many hours, delaying the Peninsular and Oriental steamer Carthage with the homeward Indian mail.

A pleasure party in a boat on the river at Kiama, about ninety miles from Sydney, met with a sad disaster on Dec. 26. The current carried the boat down to the sea, where it was wrecked in the surf. Of eight persons in the boat, seven were drowned.

The Austro-Hungarian troops in the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are to be reduced by three battalions. This is a fresh proof of the peaceful condition of affairs in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The economic prospects of those provinces are brighter, and present a contrast to the situation in the neighbouring kingdom of Servia.

The latest despatches received at the Brussels offices of the Administration of the Congo State contain news that the Sultan of Semio, a district north of the Ouelle, has had an engagement with the Mahdist Arabs, who were repulsed and compelled to retreat towards the Nile.

News has been received from Uganda stating that the Mohammedans driven out by the agents of the British East Africa Company last year have been expelled once more by the Christians. They had entered into an alliance with the Nubians of Kampala and Mtebe, and they counted on the support of the Mohammedans of Ungoro and Toro. The Catholics declared that, in consideration of Sir Gerald Portal's concessions to them, they would support the Protestants. Captain Macdonald was able to disarm the Soudanese, to take the chieftains of the Bagandas prisoners, and to drive all the Mohammedans out of Kampala in one day. Next morning he marched to the unfinished port of Mtebe, disarmed the garrison, and took Selimi Bey prisoner. Selim was convicted of mutiny, and transported for life, but died on the road several months ago.

The official statistics of the finance of the Canadian Dominion for the past fiscal year, issued at Ottawa, show that the revenue amounted to £7,633,720 and the expenditure to £7,362,810, leaving a surplus of £270,910. The trade returns for the past five months exhibit an increase both in imports and exports.

The Italian garrison of Massowah, on the Red Sea coast, fought a severe battle on Dec. 21, against ten thousand Soudanese followers of the Mahdi, called "dervishes," much like those led by Osman Digma near Souakin. Six thousand of these were armed with guns and the remainder with spears. They were led by Hamed Ali and other well-known chiefs. The fighting was continued with the utmost vigour over two hours. The dervishes then broke and fled, crossing the river Barrea in complete disorder. They left one thousand dead on the field, including Hamed Ali and nearly all his emirs. Sixty flags and a mitrailleuse fell into the hands of the Italians. The losses on the Italian side were one captain, two lieutenants, one quartermaster-sergeant, and about a hundred soldiers, most of the latter, however, being native auxiliaries. The wounded include two Italian lieutenants. The Italian force amounted to about 1500 men.

Muley-el-Araaf, the brother of the Sultan of Morocco, has undertaken to deliver up the Kabyles who began the attack on the Spanish troops at Melilla, to pay an indemnity, and to agree to the formation of a neutral zone, 500 yards broad, between the Spanish and Moorish territory. These terms being regarded as satisfactory, a portion of the Spanish forces will be at once recalled from Melilla.

The news of the Matabili war in South Africa is that Captain Wilson and his detachment of thirty-five men defeated Lo Bengula's followers on the Shangani River on Dec. 4, and the King took to flight on horseback. Major Forbes had been repeatedly attacked by the Matabili on the Shangani, but had on each occasion beaten the enemy. The Matabili are reported to be coming in and surrendering their arms, and the settlement of the country is proceeding. Lo Bengula's brother, Gumbo, is reported to have made his submission and surrendered his arms. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on Christmas Day, telegraphs from Palapye, King Khama's capital in Bechuanaland: "All well, Matabili entirely subjugated; Lo Bengula has fled, absolutely without intention to return." Mr. Rhodes will be at Cape Town on Jan. 3, to confer with Sir Henry Loch and the Colonial Ministry. At Buluwayo, Dr. Jameson is disbanding the forces of the British South Africa Company, but is forming a permanent armed police for Matabiland. He states that no cattle have been taken from the natives, except those owned by King Lo Bengula. It is believed that Captain Wilson's patrol party is safe. The road from Palapye to Buluwayo is open, and "as safe as Piccadilly." Major Forbes, Mr. Selous, and Mr. Eustace are returning to the Cape Colony.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It is one of Mr. Labouchere's privileges to make Mr. Gladstone angry. He has rarely been so successful in this enterprise as he was when the Prime Minister acquainted the House with the transactions by which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha renounces fifteen thousand a year of his allowance from the British Exchequer and retains ten thousand. Mr. Gladstone unfolded this arrangement to an astonished assembly with an absolute conviction of the ducal generosity. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (now a German prince, not a British subject) will retain Clarence House for the sake of old associations, and as he will sometimes visit this country, it is thought fitting that he should be paid ten thousand a year to bear the expenses of the occasional journey. When Mr. Gladstone sat down, a sort of stupefaction reigned on both sides of the House. Mr. Labouchere, completely taken aback, recovered himself presently, and asked whether the matter would be submitted to the judgment of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, in his stiffer manner, replied that it was already settled, and could not be discussed. Upon this Mr. Labouchere asked leave to move the adjournment of the House, and, failing to get the mystic number of forty supporters, he took a division, in which he was followed by fifty-nine members. Throughout this incident Mr. Gladstone's mobile features displayed every symptom of suppressed wrath. Nothing in the chequered history of this remarkable Parliament has ever moved him so much. All the manœuvres of an irritated Opposition have been regarded by him with that tranquil benignity which so well becomes his age and reputation. But Mr. Labouchere's futile effort to raise a debate on the financial affairs of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha stirred all the sleeping fires in the old man's soul, and had the motion for the adjournment been made, I really believe that Mr. Labouchere would have been literally shrivelled up by the lava of the Premier's indignant oratory.

After this the House plunged into the Serbonian bog of privilege. At least once in the course of a session her Majesty's Commons perform the solemn farce of rebuking some delinquent newspaper. Mr. Bartley conceived it to be his duty to inform the House that Mr. Vesey Knox had in a speech elsewhere stated that members of Parliament had received shares of the British South Africa Company for a nominal sum. Mr. Knox explained that these gentlemen had enjoyed an opportunity common to anybody who desired to dabble in finance. He had not intended to imply that they received the shares in any corrupt sense, and if that inference from his words seemed inevitable, he begged to apologise. There the matter might have ended, but Mr. Balfour, in a metaphysical mood, insisted that the publication of Mr. Knox's remarks out of doors constituted "a gross breach of privilege." It came to this—that the House was virtually asked to visit with condign punishment the newspaper which had reported Mr. Knox's speech; so that, having accepted his apology, the Commons were to take action against the journal in which he had offended. Mr. Courtney pointed out that although this was technically a breach of privilege, the majority of the House would undoubtedly vote that it was no such thing; and he suggested that to avoid such a ludicrous self-contradiction the House should adopt the "previous question." This had the desired effect of terminating a silly piece of antiquated mummery. The idea of condemning a paper which, in the exercise of its legitimate business, reports the speech of a member of Parliament is ludicrous; but a grievous lack of humour, combined with a blundering sense of its dignity, frequently threatens the House with absurdities from which it is saved only by the clear perception of one of its elder members who happen, by the accident of good fortune, to be present when the crisis arises.

Very little progress was made with the Local Government Bill before the brief adjournment for Christmas. Mr. Rathbone seemed uneasy to find an amendment of his honoured with a prolonged debate, but his apologetic withdrawal did not check the tide of utterance. A gleam of hope for the Government shone in the discussion of the Lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill. Mr. Walter McLaren and the other Liberals who had befriended the principle of "contracting out" voted with Mr. Asquith, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's protest that the Home Secretary's attitude was a piece of electioneering strategy against the Peers. On this point the Government had so handsome a majority that Lord Dudley's amendment extending "contracting out" both to existing and prospective insurance funds is not likely to be heard of again. But Ministers dismissed their impatient followers to the festivities of Christmas without any consolation in the shape of an assurance that the Local Government Bill would be pushed forward by the systematic application of the closure. Mr. Robert Reid, speaking in the interests of Scotch business, which most people had forgotten, besought Sir William Harcourt to give the Scotch members an appetiser for their Christmas fare. How could they sit down to haggis on Christmas Day without a piquant condiment in the shape of a promise of the "gag"? The Opposition greeted Mr. Reid's remonstrance with derisive laughter; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer was equal to the emergency. With statesmanlike gravity he assured the House that the Government, recognising their responsibilities, had come to the conclusion that members should all wish one another a Merry Christmas. This was the moment for pulling Christmas crackers across the table, but although that ceremony was not performed, Mr. Jesse Collings endeavoured to supply the "motto" by telling an anecdote of Queen Elizabeth. This was received with hilarious interruptions, admirably befitting its importance; and with all the zest of schoolboys escaping from their books, the Commons scattered far and wide for the shortest Christmas holiday within the memory of Parliamentary man.





YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

BY WALTER RAYMOND

CHAPTER XVII.

FLOOD.

Certainly it had never so rained since the Deluge, and the yellow water came lapping the precincts of the parish. It covered the high roads on the moor, and lay in pools many inches deep upon the village street. It rose to the heads of the pollard willows, and the tow-path was but a mere strip of slippery mud. The fishing-boat had been brought home to the farm, and lay harboured in the ditch of Christopher's home-field, for Middleney was an island now to all intents and purposes.

Sam had not spoken to Sabina since their quarrel. They did not even pass each other on the road, for Christopher's cows were all in the stalls, and Sabina mostly stayed about the house. But Sam was always in her thoughts. She waited for hours to catch sight of him passing down the street; or of a morning, when he went off in his boat, she peered from the dormer window in the thatch, and watched him with an intensity of passion unknown in those days of spring, when love was without variety or cessation.

Sam was changed. People of observation thought his behaviour strange, if not a little uncanny. In winter time, when there are ducks upon the moor, Middleney people decorate their boats with boughs of evergreen, and thus drift down upon the unsuspecting birds. But Sam went off alone without troubling to trim his boat, and yet brought home more game than any of the others. Oftentimes he stayed from daylight to dark-night, caring nothing for the cold, wind, or rain. He went on days which kept the hardiest at home—when people said the birds were not worth it; and old Sam Grinter swore the boy must be a fool. But no one, except Sabina, guessed his destination, and people wondered because they never saw his boat upon the moor.

One afternoon towards the middle of December, she saw him go away between the willow-trees, along the drove and out of sight behind the withy-bed. Then life became a blank until his return. Sabina lived for these brief moments now.

Sam rowed to the old cottage, but the water was halfway up the doorway, and he had to stoop low to push the boat into the house. Then he made her fast and went up the rickety old stairs. Rain was driving through the gaps of windows, dripping from the broken thatch, and sapping through crevices in the ruined walls. For shelter he stood beneath the remaining portion of the roof, lit his pipe, and waited.

He had spent hours thus that winter.

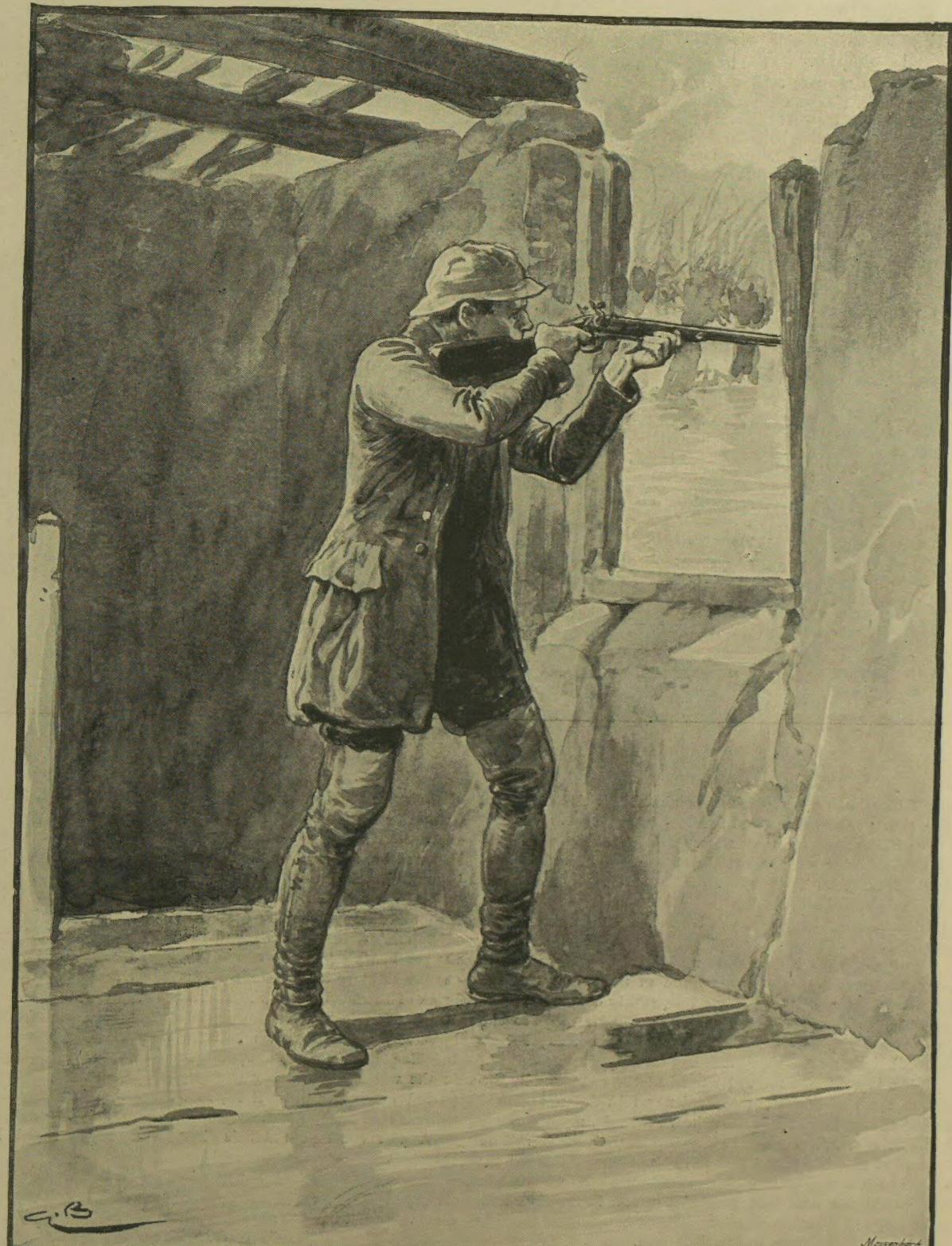
The rising wind, sweeping without hindrance across the expanse of water, whistled in the old chimney, and raised quick curling waves which struck smartly against the cottage walls. It was futile to listen for the voices of birds in such weather, and Sam waited grimly, patiently, and long, sometimes stepping out into the rain to scan the flood, and then quickly back under the shelter. But there is a fierce delight in the strength of youth which glories in discomfort, and that was the only gladness in Sam's heart.

Sabina never cared for him, he felt sure. He had thought it all out many a time, with little wit, perhaps, but with quite conclusive clearness. He had been slow to love; but once was forever; and he felt that life would never again be complete without her. He no longer harboured angry thoughts against Sabina. He was too strong to be wounded by so light a thing as her laughter; and besides, if she did not love, she could not help it. He did not love last winter, and then with

the spring it came—without effort and beyond control, like the sunshine or the showers or the singing of the birds. Such, indeed, was Sam's philosophy, even though he had few words. Such his experience, with no imagination to eke it out. And so, like a youth on the threshold of a new language, he con-

jugated his verb "to love" backward and forward in its various moods and tenses, quite unaware of other forms for other tongues. God! how he loved! And that was all he knew.

Sometimes the desire to possess Sabina became so strong that he determined to speak to her, and restore everything as formerly when they used to walk together. Perhaps she would



He aimed long and carefully where they were thickest—and fired.

marry him, as she once said in jest, because there was nobody else. Then a demon of pride or jealousy reasserted itself in his heart. She would walk and talk, and mean nothing, as she had done before—as she had done also with Ashford. He would accept none of that, any more than he would succumb to the cold, or creep indoors out of the wet.

The time was long, dusk was closing in, and he was thinking of returning home, when a whirring of wings low down and louder than the wind rushed over his head. He sprang forward, alert and intent, like one suddenly awakened by wild music. In the keen excitement of the sportsman, as he watched a flight of ducks settle down wind not far from the cottage, he forgot his troubles. They were certain to beat that way. He seized his gun, stood in readiness by a gap in the broken wall, and waited.

He watched so intently that he did not notice a dead bough slowly drifting by not altogether driven by the wind; nor that the water had crept up to the tips of the withy-bed.

The birds drew nearer, so close together you could have

The waves were still beating—the driving sleet and rain brought on the night and Middleney was already blotted out.

When Sam's boat passed out of sight Sabina did not at once leave the window, but remained looking out upon the moor. At the rick, surrounded by rough rails in one corner of the home-field, her father was mounted on a short ladder, cutting hay; but Sabina watched without observing him. She, also, had her hours of reverie and loneliness.

Suddenly she heard voices in the road, and then a man came running across the field to Christopher. By their eager conversation she knew that something must be amiss. And then she saw her father lay down his knife upon the half-cut truss, tuck his smock around his waist, and hurry across the field.

People were also rushing breathlessly down the street. Old Sam Grinter, rosy from his fire-side, hatless, regardless of his gouty foot, met her father at the gate. She saw them speak to each other, and they ran along side by side, forgetful

"Twer zomebody in the trap wi' John Priddle."

"But who?"

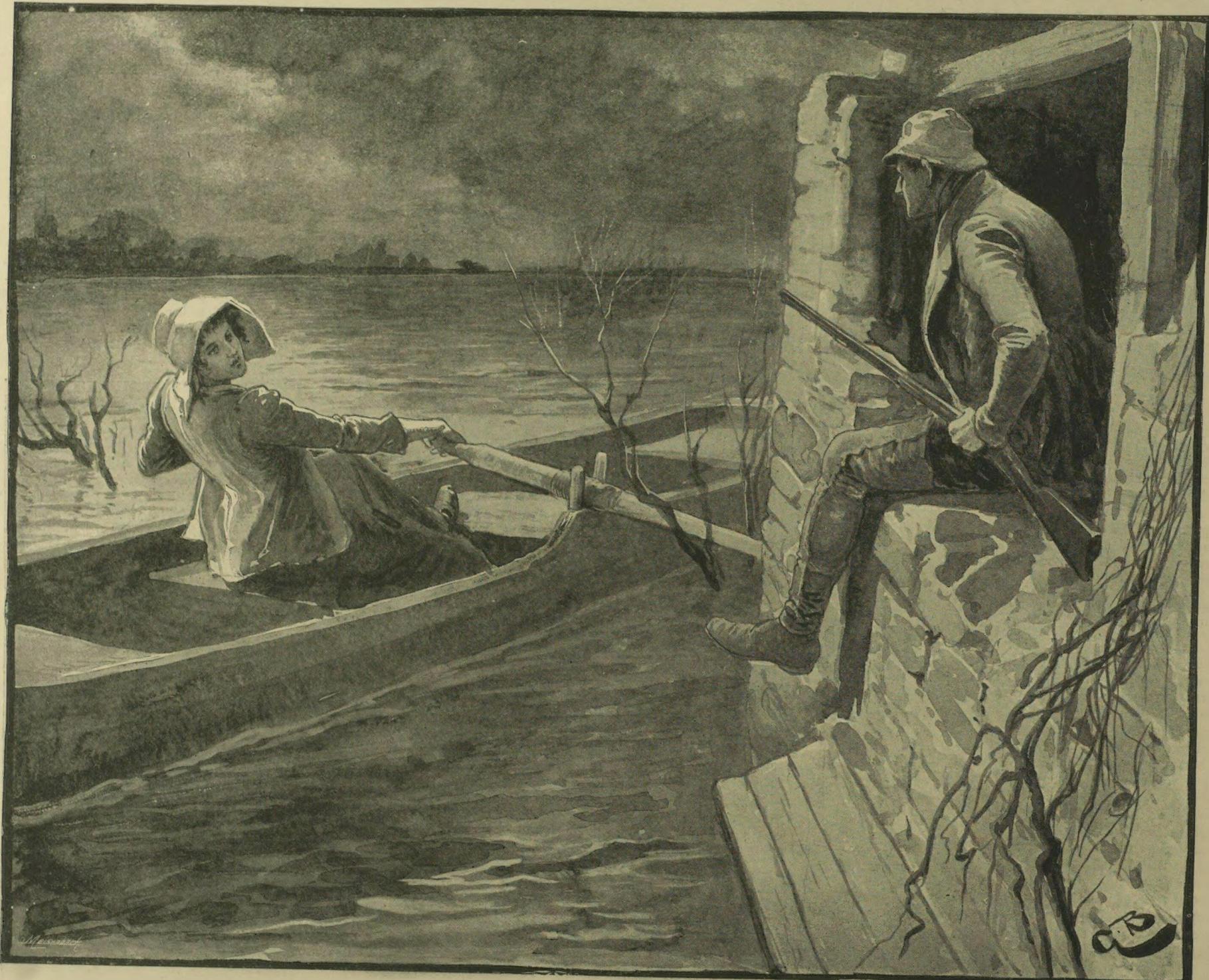
"They do zay 'tes one o' Wells."

That the poor man was a stranger seemed by some incomprehensible process to add to the pathos and mystery of death: perhaps because consolation was impossible when there was no one to console.

"And zome belongen' to 'un noo doubt a-left," sighed Sophia.

"Hush!" said Christopher. "They be a-bringing o'un on."

The men in the boat did not sit down to row, but continued to push her slowly forward with the pole. And so, when the water became too shallow on the road, she drifted with her sad burden into the way-side ditch. The villagers, with pale faces, drew around to look, and all the bickerings, the misapprehensions and paltry jealousies of life fled affrighted before that awful presence. Then Mrs. Grinter caught Sophia's arm for support, and Christopher and old Sam Grinter



"Zam!" "Sabina!"

covered them with a tablecloth. He aimed long and carefully where they were thickest—and fired.

The birds rose, all that were able; but some were left wounded flapping on the surface of the water, and others might have dived. There was no time to lose. He ran down stairs and jumped into the boat.

Something had happened which at the first glance seemed incredible.

The stealthy flood had risen rapidly, and the bow of the heavy boat was now above the beam of the door. Still he could see the water, like a rising tide, gently eddying around the door-posts. It was more than two feet above the old water-mark. He had never seen anything like this; but at once he knew that the river-bank had broken.

When last it broke the water touched the causeway by the wall of the parish church. Middleney folk did not tire of talking of this, and he had often heard the tale, never varying in minutest detail, over the cider-cup and wood fire. The flood must rise for hours, and might remain unchanged for weeks. He could picture the consternation in the village. They would not miss him until night, and in the dark how could they tell where to search?

He returned upstairs and looked across the dreary waste. He fully realised his position—that there were sixteen hours to sunrise, and even then he might not be found. The excitement of expectation was gone, and the cold became intense.

of their feud. The women were as eager as the men. Mrs. Grinter's sharp features had lost their usual aggressive expression, and she looked cowed and awe-stricken as she hastened by, followed by the labouring folk from the cottages beyond Church Farm.

Her curiosity excited, Sabina ran downstairs, across the field, and through the now deserted village.

Sophia's door was open, and the cottage empty; but from the porch, which stands above the level of the road, Sabina caught sight of a little crowd of villagers, gathered at the brink of the flood where the highway to Langport runs out of Middleney. In the distance, by some pollard willows, was a boat with several men, and Sabina could recognise John Priddle standing in the bow, dripping wet, groping with a pole in the water. Then they gently pushed the boat forward, peered into the yellow flood, and leant over the side like fishermen lifting in a net.

A terror seized Sabina's heart—a cry escaped her lips.

She knew what had happened—that some traveller, mistaking his way, had driven into a rhine—and, trembling with fear, she ran down the road and joined the little group.

Mrs. Grinter was in tears, and no one spoke above a whisper.

"'Tes a poor man a-drownded, Sabina," said Sophia softly. "Who?"

went together without a word to unhang Sophia's orchard-gate.

"Run and get the church key, Sabina," whispered Christopher.

It was Sophia's decent thought to fetch a sheet from the cottage. And presently the pageant of sudden death, the saddest but oft-repeated tragedy of village life, passed up the street. They laid the lifeless thing beneath the church tower, between the font and the ropes from the three church bells. And overhead the clock, for ever solemnly ticking, echoed the footsteps of Time upon its never-resting journey into eternity.

"But for certain the water is higher up the road—an' eet it can't be nother," said Mrs. Grinter.

"Why, 'tis right up to our gate," cried Sabina.

They were standing for shelter under the yew-tree, just as when they came out of church in the summer and stood there out of the sun. Then somebody came running to tell Sophia that the flood was in her linhay. They called Christopher from the church, and old Sam Grinter. Everybody ran to look, and the parish became unanimous that the river-bank had broken.

Old Sam Grinter could accurately predict what would happen; and there was no time to lose. "'T'll come into Mrs. Sharman's house virst!" he cried. "Get the little

wagon to once, an' move everything out o' the ground-floor. She'll come an' bide to Church Farm. I tell 'ee, Sophia 'll bide to Church Farm. Where's Zam?"

The question was only prompted by the desire for his help, for every pair of hands was useful now; but nobody knew, and Sabina did not answer. She went with the others helping to carry the furniture down Sophia's garden-path; but towards the close of the afternoon she slipped away unobserved, and returned home to watch.

The trembling agitation from the dread spectacle of death, and perhaps the tacit reconciliation of the parish, had wrought an effect upon her mind none the less deep because the process was unconscious. She must speak to Sam. Not by way of explanation of the past, or in anticipation of the future, but merely to cast off the burden upon her heart. He did not love her now—his behaviour since the interview with Ashford left no doubt of that. He would never marry her. That was all over. She felt that this was certain; and it was a feeling of despair. Yet she *must* speak to him. She would wait by the water's edge, tell him what had happened, and that he was wanted at Sophia's—then it would appear as if she had come with a message.

But time passed, and Sam did not come. He had never before stayed so late. From the window she could always see his boat in the distance as soon as the dusk became too dark for him to shoot. Now she could distinguish nothing. The aspect of the place was changed. So many familiar objects were submerged that, with no landmarks upon which to rest, her eyes could not penetrate the gloom. A host of wild thoughts chased each other through her brain. Perhaps he was lost upon the moor; perhaps his boat, striking some hidden object, had been overturned; perhaps he was drowned.

She walked to and fro in agitation and distress, sometimes calling his name beneath her breath. It seemed to be her fault that Sam did not come.

The rain had ceased, and a faint glimmer of moonlight filtering through cloud fell shimmering on the water. But that brought no comfort. Hitherto she could discern nothing—now she could determine that nothing was there. The suspense had become unendurable. She knew it to be useless; yet she could not resist an impulse to run to Church Farm to ask if Sam were there.

She had scarcely reached the causeway when her attention was arrested by the sound of a distant gun-shot.

She stopped and listened.

Perhaps, after all, he had only stayed to get a shot in the moonlight. Sabina had heard of although she had never known such a thing. Yet Sam's methods latterly had been admittedly strange. And how Middleney would laugh at such needless anxiety! She stood a moment in uncertainty, half reassured, and not knowing what to do.

Then it came again, faintly on the wind, but unmistakable.

No one ever shot twice upon the moor, where the first report made the flood a solitude. That also Sabina had heard with endless reiteration. The belief that Sam went to the cottage amounted almost to certainty, and now, without attempting to account for his absence, but only surmising that "something had happened," Sabina felt sure he was there. Without reflection and without fear she hurried to the fishing boat in which they used to sit, and pushed out upon the flood.

The wind was still strong in gusts, and waves dashed viciously against the ungainly little craft. Sometimes Sabina struck her oar against the branches or was driven into the head of a tree and with difficulty extricated herself. The little withies scraped against the flat bottom of the boat as she passed what she believed to be the drove.

For some time the girl rowed and rowed, but at last she stopped to peer over her shoulder into the night. She could not see the cottage—nothing but water everywhere. She rested upon her oars and looked, and listened. Between the gusts the wind was almost still, but bitter cold, and rain had half-filled the boat before she started.

As her eyes became accustomed to the night she could dimly distinguish the isle of Middleney like a deeper blot upon the darkness, and the distant hills which shut in the moor looked black behind the strip of light falling across the water.

All was so desolate that Sabina's courage failed.

She could not tell where she was nor whither she was going.

Again, in despair, she turned to stare into the gloom. She must have gone out of her way, for she could not see the withy-bed; and then, in quite an unexpected direction, she fancied she could discover a darker line upon the surface of the flood. With hope renewed she turned and pulled with all her might.

It was the tow-path, but the water was almost bank-high. She could hear the river on the other side, wild and threatening, rushing eagerly to the gap by which it was to be free.

But the place, however changed, was familiar, for close by were the willow trees under which she had stood with Sam to talk to Ashford.

"Zam! Zam!"

The cry was not of fear either for herself or him. It came without premeditation—the pent-up longing of all those weeks of misunderstanding and estrangement.

His voice called back across the water. She could not hear what he said—she did not wait to listen. No longer conscious of cold or fatigue, but with her destination certain, and the satisfaction in her heart that reconciliation was assured, she soon reached the old cottage.

"Zam!"

"Sabina!"

The salutation had not the lilt of that morning sweet with lilac in the spring, but there was in it a depth of meaning and of love which demanded no further words.

It is humiliating to have to confess that neither Sam nor Sabina had been seriously missed. Tradition was not belied, and the water had risen to the causeway by the churchyard wall. As proving the reliability and precision of Middleney

other catastrophe might have been the finger of the devil, if they had not afterwards discovered the chain. Sometimes, in the joy of life, and the warm delight of new-found unanimity, the conversation quickened, faces brightened in the firelight, and a ripple of gaiety eddied around this little circle of good friends.

"An' 'eet we mustn't forget," interposed Mrs. Grinter. "Though 'tis well to be merry in reason while we mid."

"Aye. An' live in all charity," softly agreed Sophia.

"An' love while we be young," twinkled Christopher, pointing at Sabina and young Sam.

"An' help one another when we be wold," shouted old Sam Grinter. "Come, come! Cousin John Priddle. Ham Christopher on the cup."

THE END.

ELTHAM PALACE.

There is reason to believe that Eltham was one of the residences of the Saxon kings. In the Domesday Book it is described as a manor belonging to Edward the Confessor. But of these early times history is silent. The first well-defined event about Eltham Palace of which we have any record is the fact that in 1270 Henry III. and his Queen here held open house during the Christmas holidays. From that time onward Christmas appears to have been kept at Eltham occasionally with much royal splendour.

The magnificent ruins still remain of the old banqueting-hall, which was probably not built until between 1290 and 1300. The work is attributed to Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham from 1283 to 1311. It was, however, rebuilt or considerably altered by Edward IV., whose badge, a *rose-en-soleil*, may be seen to this day carved in the left-hand spandrel of the main entrance. The proportions of the hall are very fine. The length is slightly over 100 ft., the width about 36 ft., and the height 55 ft. Two handsome bays at the west end of the hall mark the



ELTHAM PALACE: EAST END OF THE BANQUETING HALL.

science, this was indeed matter for congratulation, softened, however, by the overshadowing sadness and the consideration that now 'twere there, sure enough, there it might bide for weeks.

As Sam rowed in, his father and Christopher were standing by the barton gate engaged in lively altercation.

"Come on. Come on, I tell 'ee," insisted old Sam Grinter.

"Not to-night, Mr. Grinter; some other night."

"Come on, I tell 'ee. Don't you never put your foot in Church Farm no more, if you don't come on to-night. We'll send Zam round for Sabina. Cousin John Priddle have a-put on my Zunday clothes. 'Tis noo night to mope about in ones an' twos wi' your own thoughts. Come on; 'tis terrible cold."

And so they disappeared into the farmhouse.

"Come along, Sabina. Keep close to the wall," whispered Sam, with his arm around the girl as they got upon the causeway.

"But I be so wet," she replied, clinging closer to him.

"Never mind. Mother'll take care o' that. Come along."

Yet for all Sam's urgency, they presently loitered some minutes in the porch. With such a kissing and a cooing, it seemed that spring was come again; that wood-culvers were mating in the elms and sparrows chirruping and nesting in the ivy.

Then all sat round the hearth, and the fire went blazing up the chimney just as formerly.

"Christopher," cried old Sam Grinter, "we wuz both right about thik little dunkey. He dropped o' the staggers. He never didn't eat yew-leaf a'fer all."

"Ah! I knew we were right," agreed Christopher.

The cider-cup circulated without restraint, and conversation never flagged, but it was too soon to forget the sadness of that day. Yet if there was no laughter there was love, for Sam and Sabina sat close together in the courting-corner. Nor did the seriousness of that evening equal the solemnity of the occasion when the hazel-binds burnt out without bursting. For life and death and floods are in the hand of God, but the



ELTHAM PALACE: MAIN ENTRANCE.

position of the daïs. The windows in these bays are of great height, and the roofs are vaulted in stone. Ten windows on each side of the hall once lighted up this noble edifice, and still afford a convenient means of communication with the outer world to the innumerable pigeons that make this ruin their home. The timber roof, which still remains, is one of the finest of its kind. It is of oak, with hammer-beams, pierced spandrels, and carved pendants. Around the now naked walls once hung costly tapestry, some of which is to this day preserved at Orpington Priory, Kent.

This deserted pile is full of memories and echoes of the past. Here occurred three royal births, including that of Prince John, second son of Edward II., in 1316, who was generally known as John of Eltham. Here Mr. Thomas More (afterwards Lord Chancellor) introduced the great scholar Erasmus to the children of Henry VII., including Prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.), at that time nine years old. The Christmas festivities at Eltham in 1515 were marked by an important historical event. Just before Christmas Day Cardinal Wolsey took the oath and the office of Lord Chancellor in the place of Archbishop Warham, who had resigned.

After this time the sovereigns of England seem to have preferred Greenwich and other places to Eltham, and the importance of this palace consequently declined with rapidity. In 1650 the place was sold to Major-General Rich for a little less than three thousand pounds. All the buildings were destroyed save the great hall, which was turned to account as a barn for the storage of corn. It is gratifying to know that the existing ruins of Eltham Palace are now well cared for and are likely to last for many years, an interesting and worthy example of fifteenth-century architecture in England.



ELTHAM PALACE: WEST END OF THE BANQUETING HALL.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

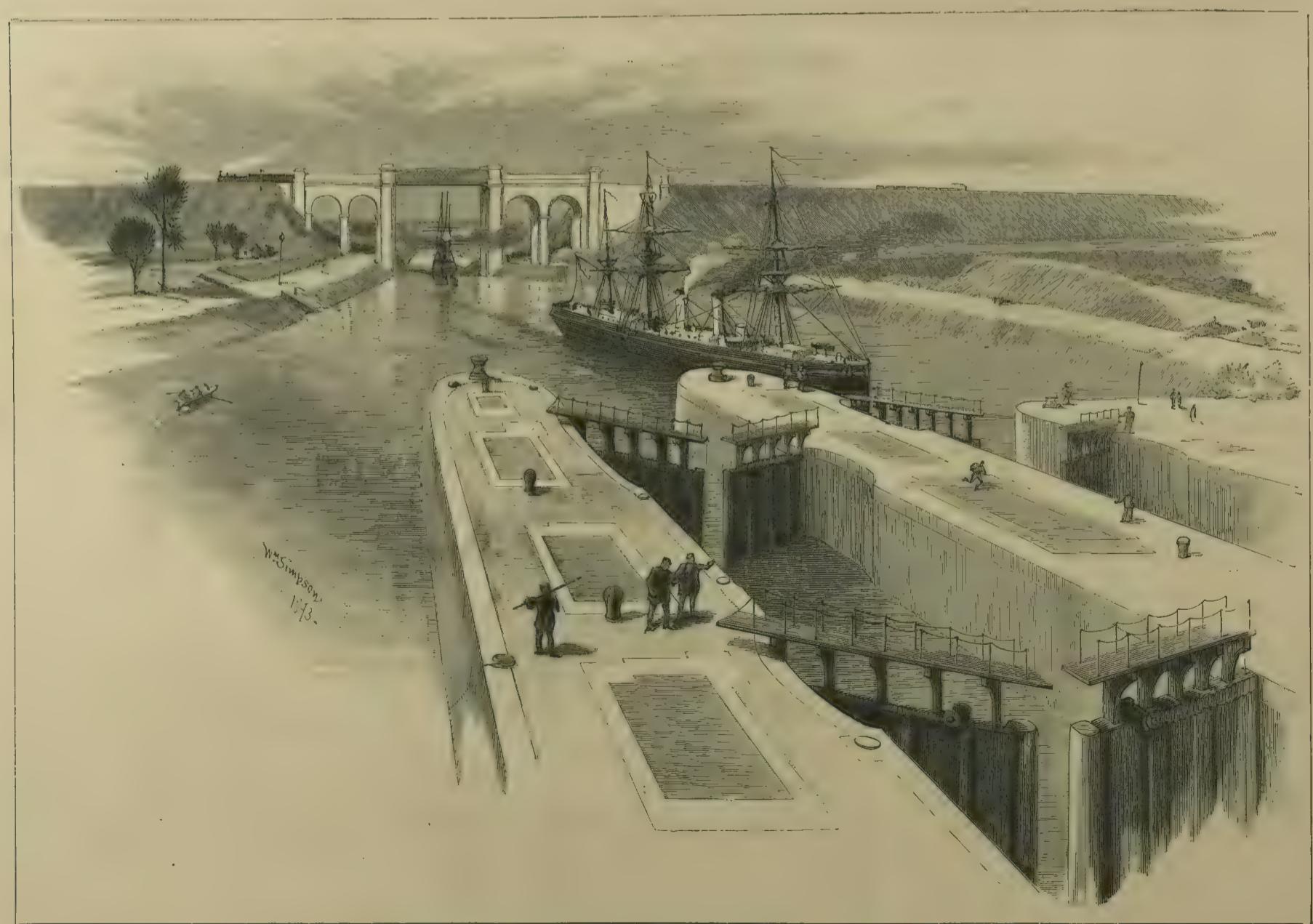
THIS great commercial undertaking, which may be regarded as one of the engineering feats of the century, is now completed, and on Jan. 1 it will be formally thrown open to the trade of the world. It is a remarkable work, and has been accomplished in face of many obstacles, both financial and engineering. Originally estimated to cost £10,000,000, its construction has involved the expenditure of above £15,000,000. The first turf was cut by Lord Egerton, the chairman of the company, in 1887, and on Nov. 25 last the canal was for the first time filled with water from end to end—a distance of thirty-five and a half miles. Early in the present month the directors of the company made a private inspection of the canal; and on Saturday, Dec. 16, the representatives of the leading newspapers of the United Kingdom had the opportunity afforded them of viewing the undertaking from one end to the other. The journey of inspection began at the Liverpool end, and the time selected for the start was at "dead low water," when the Mersey docks were closed, and the river above Eastham was an almost dry expanse of sand. Leaving the Prince's landing-stage at 9.45 in the morning, the screw-ferry steamer *Snowdrop* proceeded to Eastham locks, entered the canal, and arrived at the Manchester docks at four o'clock, by which time the Liverpool dock gates were about to be opened again to the traffic which the afternoon's tide brought with it. This is claimed to be one of the leading features by which the usefulness of the canal will be recognised by the shipping community. Another important factor to be borne in mind is the question of the rates to be charged on freight only, for dues on shipping are not to be exacted for at least one year. The directors have decided that their policy will be to charge one half of the railway rates; and, even should the railway companies initiate a competitive war, the Ship Canal Company are prepared so to reduce their scale as to keep fifty per cent. below the schedule of their opponents.

The *Snowdrop* entered the largest of the three docks at Eastham, and in about ten minutes was lifted to the level of the water in the canal. These locks are spacious enough for nearly the largest ocean-going steamers, and when the tide rises 14 ft. over the old dock sill at Liverpool they will be thrown open, and the water will flow in as far as Latchford locks, a distance of twenty-one miles. The minimum depth of the canal is 26 ft., and the average width at water level is 172 ft. Leaving Eastham at a steady speed of nine miles an hour, the steamer quickly reached Ellesmere port, which was formerly approached by small vessels from the now unnavigable river,



Photo by G. H. Gluson, Bowdon, Cheshire.

MR. E. LEADER WILLIAMS, ENGINEER OF THE CANAL.



LOCKS AND RAILWAY VIADUCT AT IRLAM.



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: UNDER THE RUNCORN VIADUCT.

but which can now be entered by means of the canal at all states of the tide. Works and jetties are being rapidly constructed along the banks, both here and at other places on the line of route; and it is not difficult to imagine, as Mr. E. Leader Williams (engineer-in-chief) aptly pointed out, that before many years have passed the canal will be practically converted into one long dock. Saltport, Weston, and Runcorn already indicate the use to which the great waterway will be put by shipowners, a number of large vessels lying at the wharf sides loading and unloading their cargoes being rapidly passed by the Snowdrop as she steamed towards Manchester. From Weston to Runcorn the canal is constructed on the fore-shore, being separated from the sandy estuary by an enormous embankment wall. At Runcorn especially a great change in the old order of things has been effected. A few years ago one or two tugs brought on each tide from Liverpool ten or a dozen flats bound for the Bridgewater Canal; and on the spring tides small sailing vessels were enabled to make their way along the tortuous channel. This river navigation exists no longer to any extent. The canal encloses the access to the Bridgewater locks, and Brindley's great work is now subordinated to the purposes of the more modern undertaking. The railway viaduct which crosses the Mersey at Runcorn Gap is 75 ft. high, and this is the standard which guided Parliament in fixing the height of the other railway bridges. It is beneath the first span of this bridge on the Cheshire side that the canal runs, and as the Snowdrop passed under it in 26 ft. of water, the dry bed of the river a few yards away became specially noticeable. From near this point the canal proceeds inland, intersecting roads and railways at many points until Manchester is reached. The road-bridges are all constructed on the hydraulic principle, and though of immense weight they revolve with the greatest ease on their

pivots. One of the most difficult of the engineering works that had to be accomplished was the deviation of the railways, and this has been successfully done at a cost of three millions. The embankment from Moore to Warrington was an enormous undertaking, and it is less than six months ago that the London and North-Western Railway Company gave up possession of their old route. Since that time the canal works have been pushed on with great vigour, and they were the last to be completed before the water was turned into the canal. As at Eastham, the locks at Latchford, Irlam, Barton, and Mode Wheel are 600 ft. and 350 ft. long respectively, and about the same space of time is occupied in passing through the largest of them. From Latchford the water is not so pellucid as in the semi-tidal section, but when the pollution of the contributory streams has been stopped—and some years must elapse before this can be accomplished—a very different state of things will prevail. The course of the canal above Latchford intersects the upper reaches of the Mersey at various points as far as Partington, where the Mersey and the Irwell join their waters.

Large and well appointed coal-tips connected with the Cheshire Lines Railway have been erected at Partington, and a coal-basin with twenty acres of quay area has been constructed. A rise of 16 ft. takes place in the Irlam locks, and further on at Barton there is a rise of 15 ft. It is at Barton that Brindley's Bridgewater Canal has, again, had to be dealt with, and where one of the most

answered by the occupants of the steamer. Mode Wheel locks were next reached, and these were the last of the series, involving a rise of only 13 ft. The Snowdrop was timed to arrive in the Manchester Docks at four o'clock, and her departure was delayed from this point by about twenty minutes, so as to admit of her entry into the docks being witnessed by the thousands of people lining the banks, who devoted their Saturday afternoon holiday to

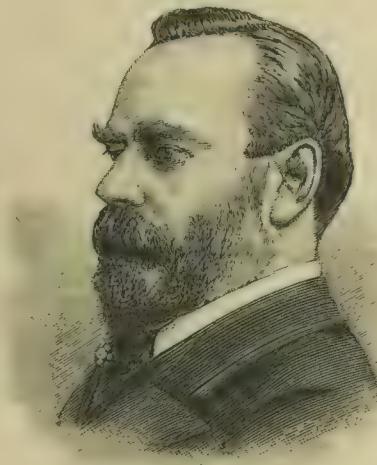


Photo by Franz Baum, Manchester.
LORD EGERTON OF TATTON,
CHAIRMAN OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL COMPANY.

that purpose. The water space from Mode Wheel to the Salford and Manchester Docks is very extensive, the canal broadening out to 230 ft. The Salford Docks, which, like those at Manchester, are fitted up with every appliance for the speedy loading and unloading of vessels, have seventy-one acres of water space, divided into three immense arms, 1350 ft., 1177 ft., and 828 ft. long, and 225 ft. wide. Proceeding towards her destination, the seventh swing road-bridge, weighing 1800 tons, was quickly turned for the Snowdrop,



LOCKS AND ENTRANCE TO THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL AT EASTHAM.

wonderful of the engineering triumphs is to be seen. The Bridgewater Canal is carried over the Ship Canal by means of a steel aqueduct 235 ft. long, 6 ft. deep, and 19 ft. wide, and weighing 1900 tons. During the passage the aqueduct, with a barge in it, was swung on its pivot as quickly and as easily as could be imagined. The operation was witnessed with the greatest interest, and the cheers raised by the crowd of spectators were readily

and then the Manchester Docks, which have been built on the site of the old Pomona Gardens, were reached. These docks have a water space of 33½ acres, have four arms, one 620 ft. long and three 571 ft. long, and the Ordsall dock opposite is 980 ft. by 750 ft. An enthusiastic welcome was given by the dense crowd to Mr. Leader Williams, who, as the constructor of an undertaking which is confidently expected to prove of immense commercial value to



THE DOCKS AT MANCHESTER.

Manchester and Lancashire, must have felt great pride in beholding the complete success of his engineering skill. Mr. Marshall Stevens, the general manager, and Mr. A. H. Whitworth, the secretary, were also accorded a warm and generous reception.

We add some figures on the financial side of the undertaking. The area of land purchased by the company was 4520 acres, of which 2500 acres are surplus for resale. The amount claimed for purchase money and compensation was £2,195,519; the amount actually paid was £1,139,354. The capital powers of the company stand as follows: Ordinary shares £4,000,000, preference shares £4,000,000, total £8,000,000; first mortgage debentures, 1896 and 1914, £1,812,000, second mortgage debentures, 1914, £600,000, new mortgage debentures, 1897 (Manchester Corporation loan), £5,000,000, total £7,412,000; grand total, £15,412,000.

There is a distinct individuality about the new issue of "Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), which, with the edition for 1894, has become a "nine years (not days) wonder." No handbook in recent times has so speedily justified its existence; no reference-book—save the indispensable "Whittaker's Almanack"—is probably in such daily request. Each volume has had its special characteristics and excellencies—the reflections, doubtless, of the three editors who have impressed their ideas upon its contents. The first issues of "Hazell's Annual" were produced under the untiring supervision of the Rev. E. D. Price, F.G.S.—one who is surely entitled to be called a disciple in Mr. Leslie Stephen's "school of infinitesimal research." Thereafter, the book more largely ministered to that increasing love of the personal by the addition of hundreds of biographies of men and women of the day; and the present edition of "Hazell's Annual" stands out from its predecessors in attaining more fully than ever the object of its founders. It has been most skilfully condensed in size, while adding several new features, including maps. Mr. William Palmer, the able editor, is evidently, in the language of Oliver Goldsmith, "a dab at an index," for we have five pages devoted to a most comprehensive key to the contents. The whole gamut of thought—exemplified in art, science, politics, theology, and literature—is sounded through the 676 clearly printed pages. The work of Parliament is splendidly summarised; pressing public topics—such as Education, the Silver Question, British and Foreign Navies, the Coal Supply—are admirably condensed into just and interesting articles. "Hazell's Annual," in fact, gives the personal, political, and practical history of the world during the year, with finger-posts to help us in 1894. In no fault-finding spirit (for hardly a literal error has been discovered after many hours' critical examination) two or three points may be mentioned. Although the book is revised to Nov. 21, the death of Lord Ebury is not recorded, and in a few instances there seems to be a hiatus in the history of foreign countries. In the biographical section—one of the most interesting portions of the book—a good many notices want bringing up to date—e.g., Miss Rossetti, M. Sardou, Mr. Rider Haggard, and Sir J. E. Millais. The typographical alterations, in the shape of sub-headings, are not in all cases an improvement. But, after all, these are mere spots on a sun whose shining is always welcome and beneficial in the diffusion of the light of knowledge.

The twenty-fifth *Vanity Fair* Album, just published, is like its predecessors in the wide range of subjects selected for portraiture by that clever artist "Spy" and his talented colleagues. The only monarch in the new Album is the young King of Spain. The Duchess of York is the one representative of royalty and the fair sex, and to her admirable portrait "Spy" has appended his real name. The politicians include the Solicitor-General and Mr. Bryce, excellently depicted by "Stuff"; Lord Thring, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. A. C. Morton, the Duke of Somerset, popular Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, and his erstwhile rival, Mr. H. R. Graham. There are six ornaments of the judicial bench, and among the mere "men of the day" who are honoured with a place in *Vanity Fair's* gallery are Signor Mascagni, M. Daudet, M. Coquelin, Mr. W. S. Penley, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. "Jehu Junior's" accompanying pen-portraits are caustic and clever. The album is handsomely bound, and very interesting.

THE IDEAL REVIEW.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Let no capitalist, in the expansive spirit of his class, come forward to "finance" the *Ideal Review*, or to thrust me into the Siege Perilous of its editor. "There is no money in it," and the dreamy being who has conceived its existence feels especially incapable of conducting its affairs. They require a singular combination of qualities and great hardness of heart. The *Ideal Review* will concern itself with

has good looks," to preserve him from female snares. Like Care, as described by Dr. Johnson—but the Doctor's language is no longer polite—like Care, he must have only one notion in life, and that notion must be the *Ideal Review*. This editor is seldom to take a holiday; he is to be ever on the watch, he is to have no friends, and he must not be literary himself any more than Buloz was literary. He must have the instinct for the right reviewer and must keep all his staff in good order. Of course he must be a scholar. Perhaps he will keep better discipline if he is not a gentleman—at all events, if a gentleman, he must be an unamiable gentleman. Certain stern Median laws he should lay down for himself. First, the *Ideal Review* will not accept "review copies" from publishers: it will buy what it wants in the market. This is not really important, but it sounds well, strikes terror, and commands respect. Next, no book by any contributor, regular or casual, to the *Ideal Review* shall ever be criticised in its own austere columns. My editor does not want his young men to write books, but perpetually to keep in strong training for the criticism of other people's performances. They are not to waste time, and perhaps acquire prejudices, in some one dear line of study, but to be always learning all about everything. It may be hard on them, if they do attempt to produce books, that they cannot benefit by the praise or profit by the corrections of the *Ideal Review*, but all pretext for talking about favouritism will be avoided.

The next article sounds severe, On no condition shall any member of the fair sex contribute to the *Ideal Review*. "Why not let them criticise novels," the world may ask, "when they write novels almost, if not altogether, as well as the men?" The reason is found in the maxim *Obsta principiis!* Once admitted into the sacred, the almost monastic, fold of our critical Benedictines, women will melt the ideal editor's necessary heart of ice. They will praise people whom they like because they like them, and dispraise people whom they do not like for the same moral or immoral reason. They will insidiously begin to review books which require *knowledge* in the critic, and, when once that fatal step is taken, farewell to the idealism of the *Ideal Review*. A lady, however witty, beautiful, gracious, virtuous, and charming, is not a man, and has not the chance of working in such favourable conditions as a man works. She has not a library of books, she has not, usually (being so delightful a person), two consecutive uninterrupted hours to herself in the day. There are domestic cares, down goes the pen; the baby cries, down goes the pen; the children run in and run out, down goes the pen; luncheon comes, visitors, tea, agreeable young men, dinner, society, committees, and a myriad of distractions. How can the nymph, whatever her natural gifts, take the trouble to learn anything about the subject of the dull book she is reviewing? She cannot, she does not, and so she should glitter and console in her proper spheres, but she should not write criticisms in the *Ideal Review*.

Having thus laid down the lines of this worthy barque, *navigis diu desiderata*, I hasten to add that I do not expect to see her launched, and that, if she were launched, she would founder or be cut down to a literary cock-boat like the *Revue Critique*, my favourite journal. That other *navigis diu desiderata* reached only the haven of dreams.

During the past year the Self-Help Emigration Society has sent out 301 men, 91 women, and 87 children—479 in all. Of these 295 were from London.

In every studio, newspaper office, and picture gallery, "The Year's Art" (J. S. Virtue and Co.) ought to find a place. Under Mr. A. C. R. Carter's editorship, this book has greatly improved, and is now an absolute necessity to all who have to do with the world of art. The carefully compiled directory of artists is alone worth the purchase of

the volume. The contents include a record of the art sales of 1893, a list of engravings published during the year, and a review of the exhibitions and institutions, which is distinctly valuable. The "personal" attraction of this edition of "The Year's Art" is found in twenty-six portraits of the editors and art directors of illustrated periodicals. They are, for the most part, excellent likenesses, the most unconventional being that of Lord Frederic Hamilton, M.P., joint editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*.



THE ACTON GRANGE VIADUCT OVER THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

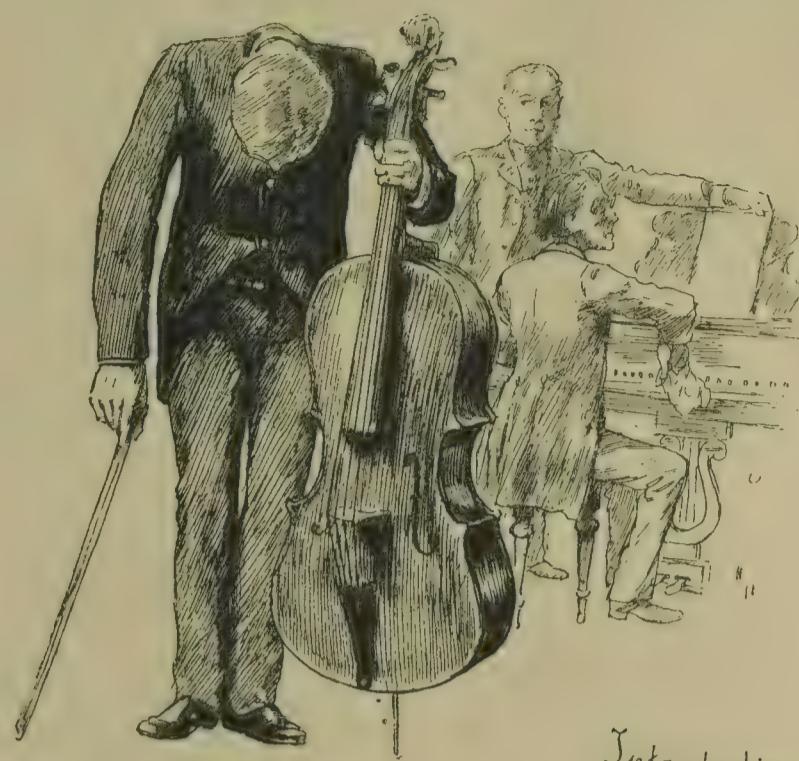
literature; and that, of course, spells ruin. Its criticisms are all to be written by men who have more or less knowledge of the topic with which each book is concerned. As a rule, the most casual reader must have observed that a reviewer gets all his facts from the book under review: that is, when he has read beyond the preface. The rule, luckily, has many exceptions; still, taking modern criticism in the mass, it is the rule. Now, this kind of censure can certainly do an author no good, while a hasty and ignorant recapitulation of some portions of a new work can be of very little service to the public. On the other hand, critics who do know something are very rare; when they exist they are often too busy to ply the reviewer's craft, or they are indisposed to do it, and lazily dally over a book for years. Finally, it very often happens that these erudite men cannot write what the public can read. The difficulties in the way of securing contributors of the kind he wants will make the editor of the *Ideal Review* grey before his time. Thus, for a notice of Mr. Savage Landor's travels "Among the Hairy Ainus," he needs a Hairy Ainu critic. The class is scarce, and even white men who know the Ainus are not common. Indeed, the ordinary penman knows nothing in particular about everything. He has a fine promiscuous stock of general ignorance, but he will work off a notice of a History of the Council of Nice, or a research into the habits of the cuckoo, or a long Treatise on the Delphic Oracle, or Annals of Timbuctoo (from Archives in the Royal Muniment Room), or a Digest of Hindoo Law, at a moment's notice. Such cattle are common; the editor of the *Ideal Review* must make it his business to find men who do know some



THE BARTON AQUEDUCT, MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

things, many things, and who can also write what people will read. The task is difficult, because persons so unusually gifted are generally doing much better for themselves in some other line of life. Still, the editor must find them, catch them young at the Universities, and keep them away from the Bar and politics and other lucrative professions.

The editor himself I dream of as a stern, cold man, with sandy hair, grey eyes; with a large family—to keep him industrious—and a wife "as desires to poison them as

*Introduction**Allegro macioso.**Adagio flebile**Minuetto grazioso**Aguato furioso.**Finale*



THE MATABILI WAR: FOLLOWING THE SPOOR OF THE LATE CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF A GOOD CITIZEN.

Life and Times of the Right Honourable W. H. Smith, M.P.
By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. (William Blackwood.)
It is not altogether without its element of comedy to note the



THE IDEAL: Fancy German portrait of General Sir Smith, the British Secretary of State for War.—FROM "PUNCH."

grave way in which Sir Herbert Maxwell has set forth the life of Mr. W. H. Smith with an ornate accompaniment of classical allusion and historical reference. There are many things in these two volumes which would have sadly puzzled Mr. W. H. Smith himself. There is, for instance, an elaborate comparison between Mr. W. H. Smith in his great shop in the Strand and Raphael in his *bodega* in Florence, which would have sorely troubled a statesman whom we suspect to have been entirely innocent of any perusal of Vasari. We are not always sure that our biographer is on the firmest ground in these matters. Have we not some reason to suspect a writer who translates *Deo, non fortuna fregit*, as "freighted with God," &c?

But, on the whole, the work has been done well. It is not a mere literary essay like Mr. Lang's life of Lord Idesleigh, but it really tells us something of the inner life of the man as he lived. And the consequence of this, curiously enough, is that it scarcely tells us anything. Mr. Smith showed all his wares to the world. There was no deadly secret in his life. In his letters and his diary he is revealed as the same plain, simple, dutiful citizen whom we all know on the Treasury bench of the House of Commons—

Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.

Mr. Smith's story is one more evidence that the law still holds that in English life a simple man, with no other gift than a supreme sense of duty, can rise to the highest places and "break thro' his birth's inviolable bar."

Mr. Smith began his political life with being blackballed from the Reform Club, because he was only a tradesman in the Strand. The Liberal party had cause, in the end, to regret this unconscious piece of exclusiveness. It was, perhaps, a worthy punishment for class pride that it should have driven Mr. Smith straight into the arms of the Tories, and that it should have given to the Conservative party a "still strong man," who should help them in the hour of need. We all know the story of how he beat Mr. John Stuart Mill at Westminster, thus showing once and for all that modern democracy refuses to be governed by philosophers; how he gradually rose in Parliament to be Secretary to the Treasury, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of War, and finally Leader of the House and First Lord of the Treasury.

It has been often said of Mr. Smith, and of the group of young men to which he belonged, that they were elevated by Mr. Disraeli because he feared a rival near his throne. But if he chose Mr. Smith in a whim to be a member of his Ministry, it was a singularly fortunate whim. It is absurd



THE REALITY: W. H. Smith, Esq., War Office.—FROM "PUNCH."

to suppose that a man who raised the business of W. H. Smith in the Strand to be what it is—one of the greatest and widest-extending businesses of modern times—could be a man of poor capacity. We require to review our estimate of capacity. We require to ask such critics, "What sort of capacity do you refer to?" Did not Carlyle

describe John Stuart Mill as a "mere logic-chopping machine"?

Capacity of a kind Mr. Smith possessed to a very high degree. He was no orator, no law-maker, no inspirer of men. He was one of the worst speakers in the House. But he was a great man of business, and his function was to show that in the art and practice of politics business has its place as well as every other human capacity. He was the business specialist who took the work of the House of Commons under his wing at a most critical moment—just when its efficiency seemed at the very lowest point, and returned to it once more some of its old usefulness.

To this work he sacrificed his life. That is the grim reality of it, revealed in the second volume of this book. His private letters reveal a tragedy. They show this man of iron duty, with the world at his feet, and all the delights of it, chained down to the unutterable tedium of the House of Commons, without the imagination to understand the great human tragedies and comedies passing before his eyes.

"A sense of loyalty to my colleagues and to the country keeps me with them so long as they want me to-day, and I am at all able to do the work." So he wrote a few short months before his death, with the pallor of his coming fate already on his cheeks. How the words recall those last scenes—the short, tired little old gentleman, so courteous to all, so ready to listen to all opinions, so pathetically astonished at the anger which he provoked! It was a sad end. His real fondness was for quietude, simple tastes, and domestic life. Greatness came to him, but before he could enjoy its sweets he sank beneath the burden.

HAROLD SPENDER.

HANS ANDERSEN.

The Little Mermaid, and Other Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. Illustrated by J. R. Weguelin. (London: Lawrence and Bullen.)—Hans Andersen, the well-beloved, claims welcome of us again, and at a fitting season.

Somewhere in that minute and fascinating "wonder story" of his life, he tells us that when he had become a distinguished person of letters, and the critics who had snubbed or gibed at him for so many years had actually appointed him "a distinct place" in "the literature" of his country, "no Christmas-tree could exist" without a volume of his depending from one of its boughs. The extremely beautiful volume upon which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have bestowed even more than their usual care would need a pretty stout branch (as Christmas-trees go) for its support, but few statelier or more comely "gift-books of the season" are likely to tempt the purchaser. Hans, I think, must have had a prophetic vision of this *édition de luxe* when he wrote (in "The Wild Swans") of that picture-book which little Princess Elisa, sitting on her "stool made of looking-glass," used to read in, and which was worth I forgot how much in fairy money. But the new edition is not to be praised for its appearance only. English lovers of Hans Christian Andersen, the perpetual president of that "merry court of justice over shadow and substance, over the outward shell and the inward kernel," have waited long for an ideal translation of the fairy tales—that "rich and beautiful canvas" over which flows the many-coloured stream of his fancy, now tender and now ironic, now humorous and now tearful. Translations of the tales we have, and in plenty; for in England, as Mr. Nisbet Bain conjectures, Hans Andersen is, perhaps, more widely known and more sincerely appreciated than in any other country. But a really just, sympathetic, and life-like translation—a translation which the literary palate might relish in a reading of the stories to children, has been lacking to us until now. I think, however, we may say that Mr. Nisbet Bain has given it to us. There are certain languages which most of us would like to read familiarly, in order to know at first hand one particular book, and perhaps one only, in each of those languages. I think there are some among us who must have regretted, for Andersen's sake, that Danish is not commonly taught in this erudite and bracing isle. But, so far as the magical Hans is concerned, we may now rest content with this rendering of him by Mr. Nisbet Bain. It is not on every page so perfectly simple (in respect, not of phrases, but of individual words) as one thinks it might be, and the Englished colloquialisms are sometimes just a suspicion too racy of the town-soil of modern London; but these little blemishes are but spots upon the sun. Mr. Bain's is, in a word, the first wholly acceptable translation of Andersen that has been offered to us. It is humorous in Andersen's own finely whimsical and irresponsible way: it reflects his delicate, unrestrained pathos; it has, for the most part, that natural simplicity which is one of the main secrets of Andersen's perennial power as a writer who told his stories rather than

wrote them; and it maintains throughout a distinctly literary standard. It remains for me to praise Mr. Weguelin's drawings. Not being an art-critic, I shall not venture to praise them in the terms in which I should like to praise them; but I think that no other pencil has given us quite so perfect an interpretation of Hans Andersen's endlessly shifting moods.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

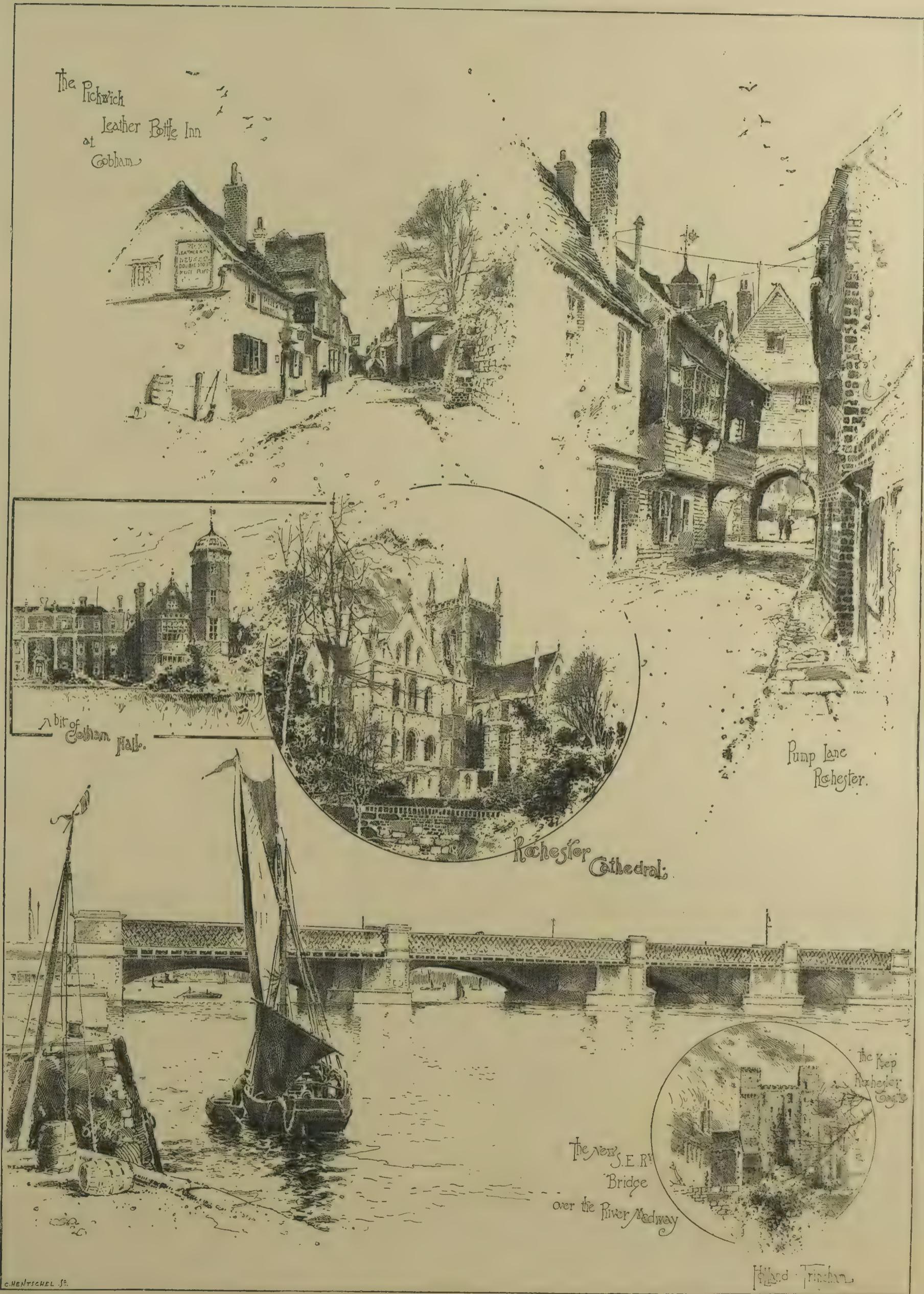
TWO BYGONE BUFFOONS.

The Last Earls of Barrymore. By John R. Robinson. (London: Sampson Low and Co.)—If there were any possibility of romance in the society which surrounded the Prince Regent, it would scarcely survive Mr. Robinson's historical treatment. He has undertaken, in no "sympathetic spirit," the task of recording the achievements of the last Earls of Barrymore. By this it must not be understood that Mr. Robinson handles the scalpel of Thackeray's satire. He is rather inspired by a conscientious resolve to give his titled buffoons the full benefit of any credit that may accrue from their smallest actions. Nothing has escaped him. There is a tolerably complete catalogue of the racing "events" and pugilistic "fixtures" which occupied so much of the aristocratic Tomnoddy's time in that epoch. Mr. Robinson is so punctiliously exact, indeed, that he does not omit even such a detail as this: "Between one and two o'clock a.m. supper, supplied by Daubigny, the celebrated restaurateur of those days, at thirty shillings a head, was served in a temporarily erected structure." Some people may think this too trivial for repetition, but it is only when they have closed Mr. Robinson's book that they can appreciate the full value of his method. He has not left a nook or cranny for romance to construct any flattering figment about the nobleman who began life as a schoolboy with a thousand pounds as pocket-money, and ended it by the accidental explosion of a gun in a gig. The proclivities of the Barrymore family are shadowed by the nicknames of the period. The earl himself was called "Hellgate," and one of his sisters "Billingsgate," in graceful allusion



"High through the air came the first stork, and the second stork followed; a pretty child sat on the back of each." FROM "THE LITTLE MERMAID, AND OTHER TALES." BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—(LAWRENCE AND BULLEN.)

to her power of repartee; one brother was known as "Cripplegate," on account of his club-foot; and another as "Newgate," because that was the only prison in which he had never sojourned. A tutor in the family rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Profligate," which explains with agreeable conciseness the general deportment of his pupils. Mr. Robinson assures us that Richard, seventh Earl of Barrymore, was both an Adonis and an Admirable Crichton. This recalls the celebrated address of a well-known judge to the prisoner in the dock: "You have had a fair education; you are endowed with every capacity to minister to the welfare of your country and your own renown; instead of which you go about stealing ducks." Richard Barrymore ought to have been an ornament of listening senates, but he preferred the applause of prize-fighters, jockeys, and the practical jokes of drunken confederates. Mr. Robinson cites many instances of the wit and humour of this noble and his brother Henry, the eighth and last of the line. These are, perhaps, the most significant illustrations of the biographer's deadly purpose, for it is quite certain that nobody will ever attempt to entertain his friends by quoting the jests of Richard Barrymore. As for Henry, his facetious genius is immortalised by an anecdote which may be reproduced because it supplies an appropriate epitaph for his family. He used to sing a song with "the remarkable chorus 'Chip Chow, Cherry Chow—fol-lol-di-riddle-how!'" Meeting an old officer who had served in the American War, he asked for some information about the "Chip Chow" Indians, and followed up this joke with an inquiry as to the habits of the "Fol-lol-di-riddle-hows." The officer who was the butt of this pleasantry replied: "My lord, I have travelled much, but during all my wanderings among various savage hordes I have seen few savages more barbarous than yourself." The moral of the Barrymore biography could not be more forcibly stated.—L. F. AUSTIN.



ART NOTES.

The water-colour drawings of two artists as different in aim as in method are now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and the contrast they afford is interesting as well as instructive. Mr. A. W. Weedon is well known as an exhibitor at the Royal Institute and elsewhere. He has a bright, breezy way of painting, and shows much freedom in the use of his brush. He is, however, very unequal, his work sometimes reaching the level of excellence, and at others sinking to that of the "pot-boiler." His foregrounds are too often scrambling and hastily finished, and he introduces with painful repetition a particular tone of brown or bistre, which appears as often in the middle distance as in the foreground or even the background of his sketches. The most interesting of the present series are the views taken round Christchurch and Winchelsea; and often in the treatment of wind-driven clouds, especially in his Scotch scenes, he is very successful.

Mr. A. Wallace Rinnington is less known to the public, but some of his etched work has attracted notice. He has made Spain his hunting ground, and brings back from that land of chivalry and romance some delightful memories of its splendid past. Mr. Rinnington has the architect's eye for the beauty of line and the value of detail; and in his studies of the cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, Burgos, and Astorga he shows very masterful dexterity in reproducing their most striking features. He will, however, appeal to a larger public by his freer and more general views of Seville with the broad sketch of the Guadalquivir as it appears in early spring, of Madrid in the rich glow of evening backed up by the dark range of the Guadaramas, or of the magnificent Castle of Guadalupe high above the cork and olive woods which give variety to the rugged landscape. Mr. Rinnington has, in fact, "discovered" Spain in a sense that not even John Philip did, and by his brilliant and interesting sketches shows how much there is to attract travellers to the land of the Cid and Corvantes, and we can suggest no pleasanter manner of spending an hour of a winter's day than in dawdling through this most delightful exhibition.

The genesis and partial, if not complete, exodus of the New English Art Club have furnished materials for an interesting study of this latest development of co-operative advertisement. Originally established by the efforts of the leading naturalistic painters—among whom Mr. Kennington and Mr. Laidlay, representing the two branches of



BURNHAM THORPE CHURCH, NORFOLK, THE CHURCH OF NELSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

figure and landscape art, may be mentioned as the most active—it was promptly found that there was already a demand elsewhere for the more prominent exponents of this school; and to supply the vacant spaces the idea was broached of introducing a large contingent of young men trained at South Kensington, who aspired to be known as the "Anglo-French" school, or otherwise as the "London Impressionists." The older members soon found themselves bowed out of the best places on the walls by the newcomers and their pupils. In this way, all subsequent exhibitions to the year 1888 have reflected exclusively the views of this special coterie, it being one of the rules of the club that the selecting jury and hanging committee are elected each year by the votes of the exhibitors at the previous exhibition. A slight revival in the attractions of the show was caused by the introduction of works by the French impressionists, lent by the "Greeks and suburbanans" who were their proud possessors. Figures will best show the course over which the club has travelled since its inception in 1886. In that year seventy-nine members were enrolled, and these increased in 1887 to ninety, which was the high-water mark of the society. Since then the club has steadily declined, and with eighty-four resignations of the original members it now only numbers thirty-six, who may be reasonably supposed to represent *la nouvelle couche artistique*.

The Wimbledon Art College for Ladies, which numbers half-a-dozen Royal Academicians among its patrons, and half as many more among its art visitors, follows close upon the heels of Burlington House with its distribution of prizes and medals. The college, from the work exhibited, well deserves the patronage it has received, for the studies from the draped figure and from the antique showed very careful training and steady work. In modelling, the proficiency of the students was even more marked, and their work has for some years past been good enough to find its way to Burlington House, thanks in a great measure to the interest shown by Mr. Brock, R.A., in the course of study pursued. Decorative art is also taught under special supervision, and students who are proficient and who need remunerative work can pursue it under instruction at the college. There are now several churches in various parts of the country where stained-glass windows wholly executed at Wimbledon have been set up; and, so far, the workmanship and design have given general satisfaction. It is therefore

without hesitation that we can speak favourably of an institution which, starting from modest beginnings, has made such progress, and has found a remunerative outlet for women's work.

Mr. John Finnie's pure mezzotint, "Leafy Trees and Sparkling Brook" (Messrs. Frost and Reed, Bristol), is in many ways creditable to the etcher and the publishers. Without any desire to disparage those etchers who carefully interpret the pictures of other artists, there is a sense of satisfaction in finding that workers with the needle are not more afraid to face the problems of nature than those who wield the brush. Mr. Finnie is well known as a "painter-etcher," and in the present etching he has obtained a really remarkable delicacy of tone and play of light through the trees which hang over the babbling but scarcely sparkling brook. The background of the dell is well broken up, and the etcher has avoided the too frequent error in mezzotints of making his work too black and consequently unsuitable to ordinary wall decoration.

Among the art publications of the season—of which, by the way, the name is legion—the photogravure reproduction of Mr. Fred. Morgan's Academy picture "Steady!" (Messrs. Clifford, Piccadilly) also deserves notice. The group of children on the sands, which in the original attracted attention by its bold drawing, comes out with increased strength in black and white. The contrasts, although sharp and defined, are not harsh, and we begin to realise by such process-work the dangers which lie ahead of etched work when not absolutely original.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The "Life of Dean Stanley" is full of good things, which the newspapers have by no means exhausted. Stanley's manual awkwardness was something to wonder at, and it showed itself everywhere. When he put questions to his classes at Oxford he was wont to enforce them by pokes with a long stick, which was intended to indicate the quarter whence the answer was expected. Once he addressed a very ordinary question about the parent of a patriarch to one of those who were sitting near him. The stick touched a head which was leaning forward over a note-book. The head rose and disclosed the blushing features of a well-known Oxford tutor, who could not answer the question. After the accident the use of the stick was discontinued.

When Stanley defended "Essays and Reviews" in the *Edinburgh Review*, there appeared in the *Saturday Review* an attack upon him of so virulent a nature that three of the staff, including the present Lord Justice Bowen, withdrew from all connection with that journal.

Stanley's favourite books, it is interesting to note, were Keble's "Christian Year" and "Lyra Innocentium." He never went on a journey without carrying the former volume in his portmanteau, and he always read aloud the poems for Sundays or for any other special occasion on the day so commemorated.

Dean Stanley never paid formal calls, but there were certain houses to which he was fond of going; and among the friends whom he most often visited were the late Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Church. It is very interesting to find that in 1864 Liddon wrote to Stanley about the *Spectator* as a paper "flagrantly disloyal to Christian truth." Liddon lived to find the *Spectator* one of his warmest admirers, and, indeed, to be a contributor himself; but the change was not in Liddon.

The Dean of Armagh, Dr. Chadwick, has been offered an important metropolitan parish, but has, however, decided to remain at Armagh.

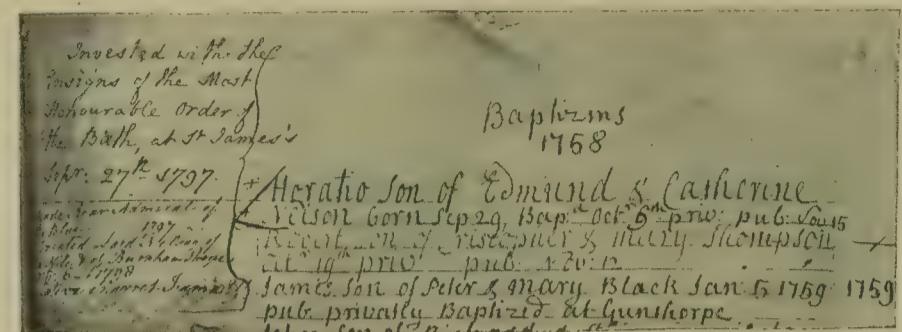
It is told of the late Canon West, of Wrawby, who is so much lamented in Lincolnshire and beyond it, that just as he entered Wrawby, in 1837, the young lady to whom he had been long engaged died. It was not till 1858 that he married the daughter of the Rev. J. Stockdale, with whom he experienced some thirty-five years of great domestic happiness and content.

The degree of D.D. has been conferred by the University of Oxford on Father Hall, Bishop-elect of Vermont. Many of his London friends will hear with great pleasure that the University of Durham has conferred the same degree on the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies. Mr. Davies's honourable career in London is well remembered. He was a true pioneer, ministering to the London poor; and now that it has become fashionable for the clergy to take

interest in social and economical questions, the work of those who toiled on amid obscurity, and not a little obloquy, to bring about the present state of things ought to be remembered. It is, indeed, far from creditable to the Church of England that a man like Dr. Davies should have been sent to Kirkby Lonsdale.

The subscriptions for the memorial to Professor Jowett are going on fairly well, but it does not seem likely that the £20,000 hoped for by some enthusiasts will be realised.

Chancellor Dibdin has sharply criticised the position



REGISTER OF NELSON'S BAPTISM IN BURNHAM THORPE CHURCH, BY HIS FATHER, WITH MARGINAL NOTE BY HIS BROTHER.

of the *Guardian* towards the Parish Councils Bill. He says that the *Guardian* has made the defence of the Church more difficult by continually changing its position. On the thirteenth clause, the charity clause, the *Guardian* defends itself by showing that the reasons which lead it to regard the clause in its present form with such hearty dislike are precisely those which led it to see no appreciable harm in it as it originally stood.

A short service, specially prepared by the Dean, was held on Dec. 21, to dedicate the new clock of St. Paul's Cathedral, designed by Lord Grimthorpe and made by Messrs. John Smith and Sons, of Derby, and said to be the largest in the kingdom. The service, in the geometrical staircase of the clock tower, was conducted by the Dean, the Archdeacon of London (the Ven. W. M. Sinclair), Canon Newbolt, and Dr. Martin, the organist, who played the harmonium.

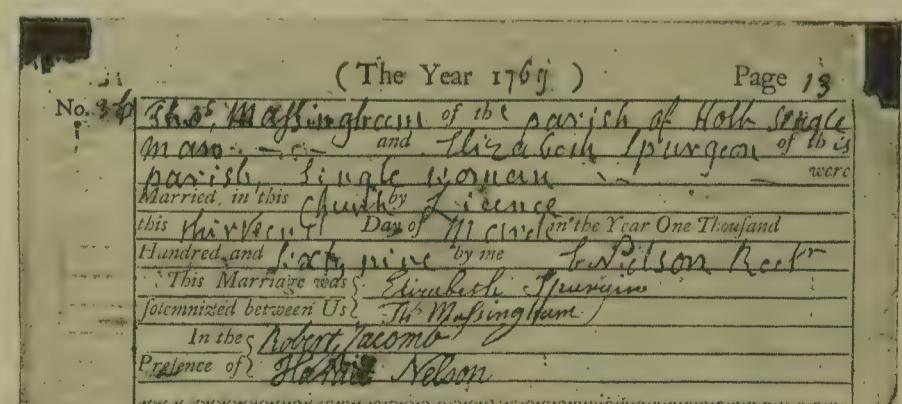
The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has sent gifts of small books and picture-cards to 7700 sick children, inmates of 135 workhouse infirmaries and charitable institutions on Christmas Day.

The publication of the Baptist Missionary Centenary Volume furnishes the statistics of the special fund raised last year. The sum of £114,670 was promised, of which only £7696 remains unpaid.

V.

THE CHURCH OF NELSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, is the parish where Horatio Nelson was born in 1758; his father was the rector, and from 1791 to December 1793 the church, a very fine example of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, underwent disastrous alterations, which Horatio Nelson himself probably never saw. The south aisle, with the south arcade, and the west arch in the tower were destroyed; an ugly gallery was put up; the upper part of the tower was much disfigured; the roof, screen, and all the old woodwork taken away. It has recently been felt that the restoration of Burnham Thorpe church is a matter of national as well as of local interest. The present rector, the Rev. J. Lister Knight, has made considerable efforts and sacrifices to repair the mischief done by his predecessor a hundred years ago. When the Prince of Wales, three years since, presided over a meeting at Marlborough House for this object, a committee was formed, with the Duke of Edinburgh for chairman, and a fund was subscribed amounting to £2250; but the rector made himself guarantee for £1000 more of needful expenditure, besides which about £300 must be collected for the cost of an oaken roof and of work in the tower. The restorations have been effected by Sir Arthur Blomfield with much skill



MARRIAGE REGISTER WITH NELSON'S SIGNATURE AS WITNESS, IN BURNHAM THORPE CHURCH.

and judgment. We heartily recommend the pecuniary subscription to all who care for the fame of England's great naval hero. Our Illustrations are a view of the church, and facsimile copies of the register of Horatio Nelson's baptism and of his signature when a boy, as witness to a marriage register. His father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was succeeded as rector by the Rev. William Nelson, brother to Horatio, and first Earl Nelson. He wrote the upper part of the marginal note to Horatio's baptismal register; the latter part was written by Mr. Bolton, his brother-in-law.



M. WALKER

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

AT A LONDON SCHOOL BOARD TRUANT SCHOOL.

People who notice casually in the newspapers that another refractory urchin has been haled before a magistrate, charged with attempting to defeat the Education Act by refusing to go to school, despite the combined exhortations

hero is revealed to his admiring friends) enters one of these institutions are very simple. He has appeared before the "beak" as an incorrigible truant of about ten weeks' standing. In some cases, we are sorry to state, he has committed some petty theft, and the magistrate very properly sends him to Upton House or Highbury Grove instead of the jail. At school he works as a half-timer—that is to say, half his day is given to learning, and the other half to industrial occupations. When he is considered sufficiently regenerated he receives a "license" to return home, on the distinct understanding that he shall regularly attend an efficient day-school. It sometimes happens, we grieve to add, that John relapses into Johnny. Of about a thousand licenses at Highbury Grove, twenty-five per cent. have been revoked, and the truants have resumed the discipline of correction; but so successful is the system in the main that when he leaves this or the kindred school John distinguishes himself by making ninety per cent. of possible attendances at a day-school—a proportion which puts to the blush the virtuous youngsters throughout London who never play truant. Indeed, the course of training at Highbury and Upton House excites a suspicion that for Johnny to be remitted by the magistrate to the care of Mr. Walker or Mr. Peal is a blessing which makes his truancy an unconscious pursuit of evil that good may come. In the tailor's shop John is a perfect prodigy in turning out trousers, vests, and jackets. The manual training in wood-work gives him a taste which may develop hereafter into voluntary attendance at evening technical schools. More than that, he is sometimes taught to bake the bread for the school, and so gets an excellent education as a baker. Of his proficiency in the usual elementary subjects there

attention is too often distracted by unprofitable controversy about the London School Board.

Of course, there is always some dissatisfied person who cannot be convinced even when the efficacy of a system stares him in the face. So inveterate is the prejudice in some minds against compulsory education that even this corrective of truancy is likely to be held up



NEW ARRIVALS.

of a tearful mother and a School Board inspector, may wonder for a moment what becomes of all the truants. Do they conquer the authorities by sheer obstinacy? It is quite evident that their parents cannot control them, for these are hardworking people who, in many cases, are absent from home all day, and cannot tell whether Johnny has really gone to the Board School or is enjoying an illicit leisure in the streets. And the fascination of the street is often irresistible to the London boy. He may set off for school soberly enough, but before he has gone a few yards, the hurly-burly of the traffic, the infinite pastime presented at every corner, the invitations which clamour from every court and alley, prove too strong for his virtue. So Johnny plays truant, but it is only for a time. The law has yet another hold upon him, as Portia says of Shylock. Long ago the problem of the truants came before the London School Board as a most serious obstacle to their educational work. In 1878 the Board opened a school near Hackney Station, on the North London Railway, for the special behoof of the errant Johnny. Upton House is under the management of Mr. Walker, and now there is another truant-school in Highbury Grove, managed by Mr. Peal; and these gentlemen have between them contrived to give such an excellent account of Johnny that he really deserves the dignity of being called John, and treated as a credit to society. In our Artist's pictures you see him hard at work tailoring, using soap and water as intimate acquaintances, handling carpenters' tools as though he loved them, exercising his limbs at drill with enjoyment, and eating his dinner with the satisfaction of a well-spent morning. The conditions under which Johnny (whom we must now call John, as they say in the old-fashioned novels when the disguised



DRILL.

to odium as a piece of tyranny. "And why should boys be snatched from their parents in this manner?" we can hear the dissatisfied one complain. "What is to compensate a mother for the loss of her child? Why should the delight of her eyes be taken from her and shut up in a penitentiary, where she cannot visit him?" Here we may quote the school regulation which says: "Parents are allowed to visit their children once a month on condition of good behaviour." "Whose good behaviour?" demands the dissatisfied one. "Is a mother to be torn from the embraces of her child if she makes a

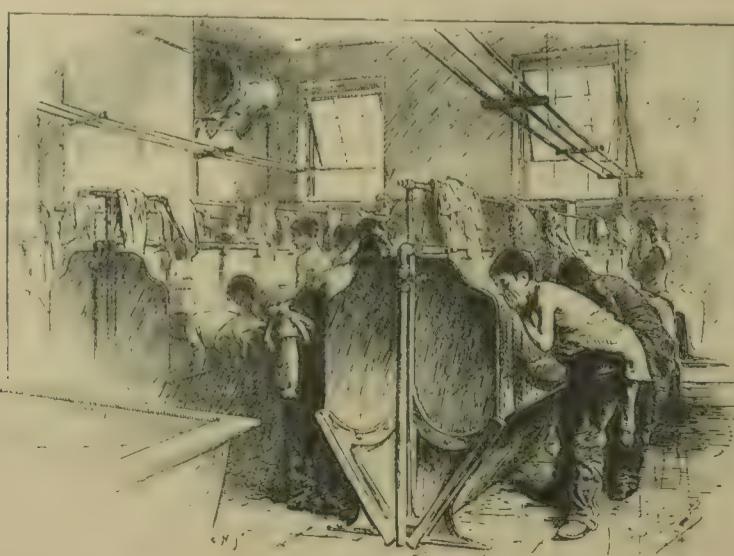
painful exhibition of her maternal emotions, and even inveighs against the despotism which keeps him from his home and his natural guardians?" Possibly this sentimental captiousness will be intensified by another regulation: "Parents contribute a small amount per week towards the maintenance of the child while under detention, the sum being fixed by the magistrate and collected by the Home Office." So, while John is shut up in what his mother considers a jail, an oppressive Government forces her to pay something towards the expense of keeping him. This view of State education is not such a burlesque as it may seem, for much that is equally unreasonable has been seriously put forward by people who hold that parental rights ought always to be paramount. On that point the words of Mr. Walker have an instructive bearing: "When we think of the wretched homes and miserable surroundings of many of the boys, the dreadful destitution which exists, the evil influences and bad examples which are so common to them, the entire absence of anything approaching proper control, it is surprising that such good results have been achieved." It would be impossible

to put more forcibly and impressively the difficulties with which the London School Board has to deal, and which illustrate a social problem beyond the ken of persons who fancy that young London would grow up to their entire satisfaction if it were only left alone.



THE "SLOJD" SHOP.

are gratifying reports from her Majesty's Inspectors. The utmost care is taken of his religious instruction, and his health defies epidemics. In a word, John (despite the occasional relapse into Johnny) is one of the most striking proofs of that solid progress in education from which public



SOAP AND WATER.



DINNER TIME.



MENDING AND AMENDING: A SKETCH AT A LONDON SCHOOL BOARD TRUANT SCHOOL.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My friend Dr. Shuttleworth, lately superintendent of the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster, and now of Ancaster House, Richmond Hill, Surrey, has begged that I would endeavour to interest the readers of this column in the work of the Committee on the Mental and Physical Condition of Children, whose interim report, bearing date July 1893, he has kindly forwarded to me. "To keep in mind the children" is a duty of every citizen, because the bairns are the founders and props of the future State, and because child-life, in these days of much shirking of parental responsibility, is apt to be the opposite of what it should be in the way of happiness and health. The story of this investigation into the physical and mental condition of children, begins with the formation of a Committee in the Psychological Section of the British Medical Association in 1888, when it was resolved to look into the question of school-children and their development. The year 1889 saw a report presented on 5444 children (examined in fourteen schools) drawn up by Dr. F. Warner, whose indefatigable labours in this direction are well known, and whose scientific methods of investigation are beyond all praise. In 1889 also the Committee reported before the Royal Commission on the Blind, Dumb, &c., and then, for the first time, was recognised in an official way the fact that there exists a class of children "who, while not imbecile, present a certain amount of mental deficiency." These feeble-minded children, it was recommended, should be separated from ordinary scholars in elementary public schools for the purpose of imparting special instruction to them.

Later on in 1891 a report was presented to the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography by an enlarged and representative committee, and now this committee (of which Sir Douglas Galton is chairman) is carrying on its philanthropic labours, to which labours I made a passing allusion in these pages some time ago. In 1892 some 50,000 children had been inspected in 106 schools, and reported upon by Dr. Warner, of the Local Government Board. Since then, 30,400 children have been inspected, giving a total of over 80,000 examined. These children were individually examined as to their physical development, their nervous powers of muscular control, their cranial development, facial features, and their palate. This last, as shown by my friend Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, is a point of great importance in connection with mental and brain perfection. It is interesting to note, as a result of these investigations, how brain and body are correlated in their perfection or the reverse, and the report before me details certain prominent points in which the defects of development in both phases are duly exhibited. What has been arrived at, in a general way, is the fact that more boys than girls are ill-developed, but it is added that of such cases the girls tend more to delicacy and mental dullness, this "suggesting that while the average girls may work hard with advantage, there are a certain number who need special care."

Beyond the class of ill-developed children, we find a group the members of which seem to require special training. These are the epileptic, imbecile, the "feeble-minded," and the paralysed. They constitute a proportion of 16 per 1000, and in London, Birmingham, and Leicester the School Boards have already made provision for the special education of such afflicted children. That which must be gratifying to all of us is the very fact that such children are scientifically picked out and assorted from among the mass, and our thanks must be due to the committee for its truly philanthropic labour in this direction. In every group of schools, however, children "with a defect in development," form by far the largest class of cases. These defects are associated with nerve-disorder and mental dullness, but it is added that a considerable proportion escape the two latter evils. When 10,000 children in elementary day schools of the upper and middle classes were compared with 26,000 in poorer day schools, there was found in the latter "a smaller proportion with defect in development, nerve-disorder, low nutrition, or mental dullness."

Small-headed children form an important group of 2 per cent. of the children examined. These are mostly girls, and the proportion in London rose to 7 per cent. in the Strand and 6 per cent. in the City, and fell to 3 per cent. in Bermondsey. In certified industrial schools for girls it rose to 6 per cent. Such cases, the report adds, were more common in English children than in Irish or Jewish children; while cases presenting some defect "were least frequent among the children of the Jew Free Schools at Whitechapel, and most frequent among the Irish schools as seen."

Here, then, we have chronicled for us a movement which is destined, I think, to bear much goodly and fair fruit in the way of securing for dull and defective children a large measure of the attention they need at the hands of the teacher. I have said that parental responsibility in these times is often a mythical quantity altogether. People get so much done for them at State expense nowadays, that one cannot avoid the thought that increased home attention might ameliorate many of the evils described. But failing this, we owe a duty to the little ones, and by whatever means we may succeed in relieving them of conditions which handicap them in the race for life, we are entitled to use such means, and to see that defective child-life at least has a fair chance in the struggle for existence which is waged all round.

Among new books which have lately come under my notice deserving of special mention, I should like to name Professor Bonney's "Story of our Planet." This is a magnificently illustrated volume on geology, written in a thoroughly popular style, and aiming, successfully, at reproducing the spirit of Sir Charles Lyell's famous "Principles of Geology" for the people. I rejoice to find so distinguished a geologist providing for the public a volume worthy of being reckoned a companion book to Sir Robert Ball's "Story of the Sun." It is a gratifying sign of the times to a scientific man to see such evidences of the widespread popular culture of science, and of the encouragement to scientific study which is given by masters in the art of popular exposition.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
ALPHA.—You deserve to solve No. 2593, especially as you are on the track. The second move is good.
C E P (Kensington).—Thanks for your kind wishes. Problem No. 2593 deserves the compliment.
R LASLEY (West Hampstead).—The present method is too well known and liked to prevent such a change.
H B (Dickelburgh).—Your move will not do. Thanks for enclosure.
HERRWARD (Oxford).—What if Black play 1. K to K 4th.
F CASSELL.—Your problem in three moves can be solved by 1. Q to R 4th (ch), K takes Q; 2. R to Kt 7th, &c.
R W (Canterbury).—If White play 2. B to Kt 4th, Black replies 2. P takes P, and no mate follows.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2588 received from W F Jones (Belle-ville) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2589 from Emile Frau, D G Pesmazoglu (Alexandria), and W F Jones; of No. 2590 from H F W Lane (Stroud), D G Pesmazoglu, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2591 from J F Moon, Emile Frau, and H F W Lane; of No. 2592 from J D Tucker (Leeds), Howich, E C Weatherley, S Rover, Dr. F St, J S Martin, A D Peratta, and W H S.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2593 received from Charles Burnett, F Cassell, J D Tucker, W P Hind, Martin F, H B Hurford, H S Brandreth, W R Railem, Sorrento, L Desanges, Ubique, C E Perugini, W R B (Plymouth), G Joycey, and Dr Tidswell (Morecambe).

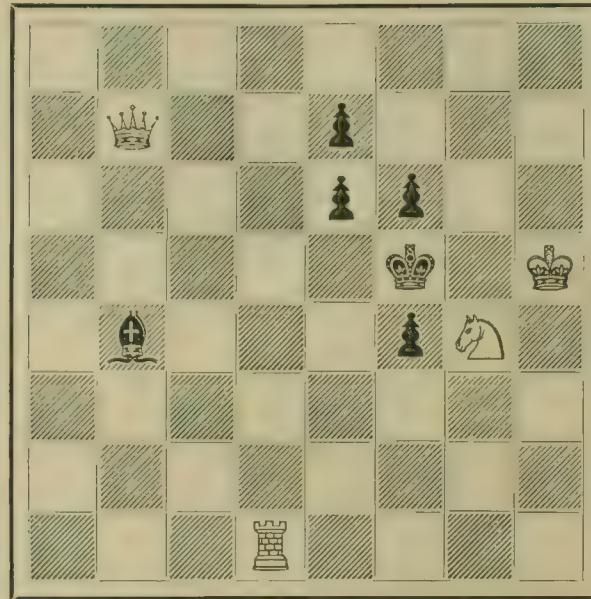
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2592.—By W. PERCY HIND.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 2nd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM NO. 2595.

BY REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

A consultation game played by Mr. STEINITZ against Dr. HOWE, J. HENDERSON, and another.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Allies.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Allies.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	usually all chance of safely Castling Q R as intended, and goes far towards winning.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	13. B takes Kt	
3. P to K B 4th	B takes Kt	14. B takes B (ch)	K to Q sq
Black gives up the active Bishop, which, however, is not well played to B 4th here, for an inactive Knight, and there appears no compensating advantage.			
4. R takes B	P to Q 3rd	15. Castles (Q R)	P to K B 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P takes R P	Kt takes P
It would appear necessary to capture one of the Pawns, as their advance on both wings obviously shuts the game up and keeps Black's pieces confined.			
6. P to Q 5th	Q Kt to K 2nd	17. Q to Kt 2nd	P to R 3rd
7. P to B 5th	P to K 3rd	18. B to K 2nd	Kt to B sq
8. Q to B 3rd		19. Q takes P	Kt to B 2nd
Q to Kt 4th is inferior to this excellent move, which is soon well followed up.			
9. P to K Kt 4th	K Kt to B 3rd	20. R to Kt 6th	R takes P
10. P to K R 4th	Kt to Kt sq	21. R takes P	R to R 2nd
The allies are beset with difficulties, but some of these moves are mere waste of time, when every move is of importance. Something might be done on the Queen's side by advance of Q R P or Q B P.			
11. P to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	22. Q to Kt 6th	A very neat resource, clearly foreseen.
12. B to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd	23. R to K 6th	K to Q 2nd
13. Kt to Kt 5th		This and White's twenty-fifth move will be found of a crushing description. White plays with all his notable accuracy an obviously winning game.	
This strong move prevents most effect-			

Game played between Messrs. BARRY and STEINITZ during the latter's visit to Montreal.

(Hampe Allgaier.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Kt takes P is replied to by Q to Kt 6th.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P takes B	Q to K sq
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. P to K 6th	
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	An effective move, to keep the Bishop out of the game preparatory to the final manoeuvres.	
5. P to K R 4th	P to K 5th	18. Kt to K 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
6. Kt to K 5th	P to K R 3rd	19. R to B 6th	R to R 2nd
7. Kt takes Kt	K takes Kt	20. R to B 8th (ch)	R to Kt 4th
8. B to B 4th (ch)	P to Q 4th	21. R to K B sq (ch)	Kt to B 4th
9. B takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd	22. Kt to B 6th	Q to Kt 3rd
10. P to Q 4th	Kt to B 3rd	23. Kt takes R (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
11. B takes P	Kt takes B	24. R takes Kt	Resigns
The capture only tends to increase Black's difficulties. It is necessary to develop by B to K 2nd, &c.			
12. P takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	20. K takes R	
13. B to K 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq	21. R to K B sq (ch)	Kt to B 4th
14. Castles (K R)	B to Kt 2nd	22. Kt to B 6th	Q to Kt 3rd
15. Q to Q 3rd	B takes B	23. Kt takes R (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
24. R takes Kt			

"How to Play Chess," by G. C. Heywood (M. S. Dodds, 61 and 63, Quayside, Newcastle-on-Tyne).—This little book is a reprint of articles contributed by the author to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and can be strongly recommended to those desiring an elementary acquaintance with the game. It is intended entirely for beginners, and as such is certainly one of the simplest and best that we have seen.

Another match in the A division of the London Chess League was played on Dec. 18 between the Metropolitan and City News Room Clubs, when the former maintained its unbroken record by winning 12½ against 7½ for its opponents. The only other unbeaten team is the City, and great interest will be attached to the coming meeting of these prominent clubs.

The Spread Eagle Club have defeated the Cyrus with a score of 8 to 4, and Exeter Hall with a score of 5 to 3.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

In our Next Number will be published the opening chapters of a New Story by STANLEY J. WEYMAN, entitled "UNDER THE RED ROBE," with Illustrations by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

In the strange will case recently decided in the proper court it must have occurred to many readers to wonder greatly at the circumstance that the old woman concerned, Mrs. Cullener, has been living as a man for thirty years past, and as such carrying on the business of a plumber unsuspected by customers and fellow-workmen. In one respect this case is, I believe, unique; namely, in the fact that several people were around her who knew the secret, and yet (though all of them were women, which seems to rebut a common slander on our sex) not one of them revealed the truth till it seemed to one of the daughters that by deliberately doing so she might manage to become the possessor of a little property left to her mother during her widowhood. But apart from this detail, it is not so uncommon as might be supposed for a woman to pass as a man. On the contrary, there are a considerable number of instances of this deception being successfully carried on.

In the early "sixties" there died in London an elderly army surgeon who had risen to the important position of Inspector-General of Hospitals. His early history is wrapped in obscurity, but he was long in Malta, pursuing the duties of his profession, and was noted there for taciturnity and reserve. He was attended to by a black servant boy, who was devoted to his master. The little surgeon was slender and plain visaged, but in no way particularly remarkable. He died in London, after a brief illness, which followed on the mortification of being rejected by a young lady, much his junior, to whom he had proposed. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that the surgeon of forty years' standing in the British Army was a woman. In the American Civil War, it is beyond question that many women fought on both sides, disguised as men, and unsuspected. Only about two years ago one of them applied to Congress to remove from the list of deserters from a certain corps the name of a man who had been, in fact, herself. She had been wounded in a battle, and thereupon had technically deserted by going into private lodgings for treatment, so as to avoid the talk of the discovery of her sex. But she maintained that this was not real desertion, and she wished to wipe off the stain from her martial memory—probably to get a pension. A number of other similar cases were discovered by death. In the old churchyard at Brighton, again, anybody at this day may see the monument to one Christian Davies, and the record of her exploits in the British Army.

Then, in the last century, there was Hannah Snell, whose singularly interesting story I have told on many platforms at greater length than is possible here. She was born in 1723, and married at the age of twenty-three, but was soon after deserted by her husband, who was a sailor. Hannah enlisted, in order by that means, as she hoped, to go about the world to try to find him. However, she was put in garrison at Carlisle, and there, after some months of unsuspected training, she fell under the enmity of her sergeant, by reason of the girl whom he loved transferring her affections to Hannah—otherwise known as Private James Davis. The sergeant, her rival, got poor James Davis flogged on a charge of sleeping on sentry, and this so disgusted her that she resolved to desert. By aid of a present of all the savings of the girl who loved her, Hannah performed this dangerous undertaking successfully. She walked to Portsmouth from Carlisle, and there re-enlisted as a marine, in which capacity she went to the Indies and to Spain, and served in several famous engagements; she was more than once wounded, but still managed to avoid discovery by one and another means, such as on one occasion only declaring to the surgeon a wound in her shoulder, and laying up on that account, and herself probing her second wound in her leg, which she bore in silence. Nobody ever appears to have suspected Hannah Snell's sex, though, from her feminine appearance, the men at first gave her the nickname of "Miss Molly"; but Hannah got rid of that by the simple and plain expedient of fighting and thrashing the men who most persistently used it, and so managed to get her name altered to the approving appellation of "Hearty Jemmy." In Hannah Snell's history comes the same curious problem that appeared in that of the little army surgeon. After her discharge, at the end of fourteen years' service, with a goodly share of prize-money, Hannah Snell fell in love with another woman, the keeper of a beer-shop, who actually managed to get all poor "Hearty Jemmy's" prize-money and then threw him over! So once a woman fell in love with her, and once she fell a victim to female charms. The former is a favourite situation for the romancers who from time to time have taken the idea of the woman disguised for their plot. Shakspere, we all remember, makes the disguised woman fatal to others of her sex. So in the "Arabian Nights," the Princess who roams the world in man's attire is led into the worst of her difficulties by the insistence of the daughter and heiress of a powerful king on marrying her and nobody else. This charm of the disguised woman for others is fully believed in by these writers of genius, but the converse state that we see in real life is stranger still, and fiction has not dared to invent it.

Then there was the singular Chevalier D'Eon, whose sex will ever remain a mystery. She (or he) travelled as a secret envoy of the Court of France under Louis XV. in the character of a woman, but on frequent occasions resumed the dress of a man, and as such lived long in London, where she gave exhibitions of her skill with the broadsword and taught it to men; but, finally, a pension was granted to her by the French king on the express condition that she should always in future dress as a woman. In 1820 Maria Graham (a well-known writer of her day, and afterwards Lady Calcott) personally saw in Brazil a girl who had served for some time in the army there without detection. She was found out by her father tracing her and inquiring after her; and then, having given proof of her martial ability, Doña Maria was allowed to remain with the army, wearing the ordinary soldier's dress, to which she of her own motion added a tartan kilt, that she told Miss Graham she had adopted from a picture of a Highland soldier as the most feminine dress in any army! There are many similar instances; so Mrs. Cullener is not original.

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Sustaining Cup
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boiling water or milk, will make a
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delicious, digestible, absolutely pure,
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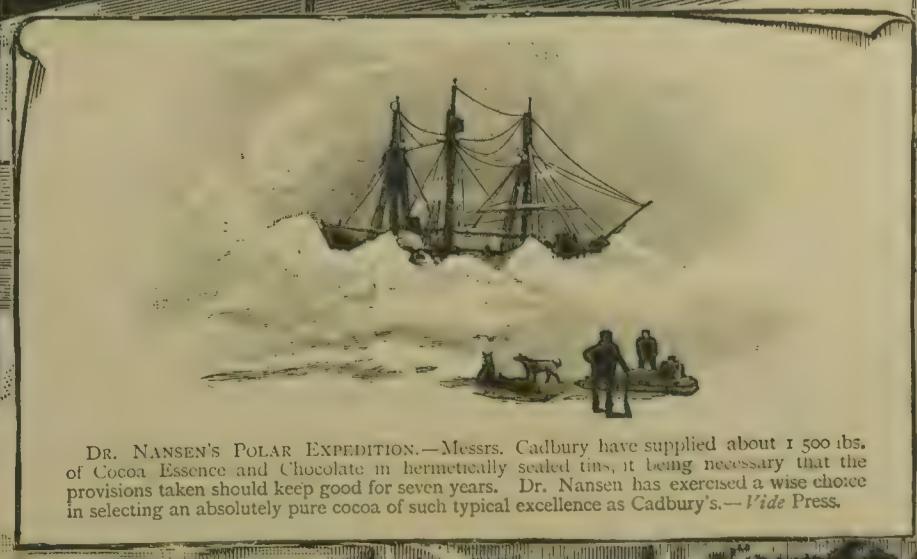
Cadbury's Cocoa provides a refined daily beverage
for the robust, the young, the old, and particularly
those of weak and impaired digestion.



"The typical Cocoa of"
"English Manufacture,"
"Absolutely Pure."

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DR. NANSEN'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—Messrs. Cadbury have supplied about 1,500 lbs. of Cocoa Essence and Chocolate in hermetically sealed tins, it being necessary that the provisions taken should keep good for seven years. Dr. Nansen has exercised a wise choice in selecting an absolutely pure cocoa of such typical excellence as Cadbury's.—*Vide Press.*

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil of Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D., who died on Nov. 6, leaving net personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at £203,969, have been proved by the executors, the Rev. James Percy Kane, Thomas Barlow, M.D., and David Paulin, the latter of whom is to be acting executor. The testator bequeaths £500 to the London Hospital Medical College for the foundation of a scholarship; to each of his trustees £100; and to each servant who has been in his service five years anterior to his death a year's money wages. He leaves to his wife the whole household furniture, books, pictures, plate and effects in both his houses, and the whole stock of every kind on the home farm at Camfield. The trustees are directed to invest and hold £20,000 for her benefit during her lifetime, and to allow her to use and occupy the mansion house and to enjoy the rents and profits of the estate of Camfield during her life. At her death, the said estate is given to his second son, Andrew Gladstone Clark. The trustees are directed to appropriate the sum of £80,000 as an endowment for the baronetcy, and to hold the residue of the estate, upon trusts, for the benefit of the testator's children other than the son who shall succeed to the baronetcy.

The will (dated May 20, 1873), with four codicils (dated March 31, 1884; May 28, 1887; July 14, 1888; and Aug. 1, 1892), of Mr. John Francis Austen, J.P., late of Capel Manor, Horsmonden, Kent, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Dec. 16 by the Rev. Henry Morland Austen, the brother, Arthur James Fitzhugh, and Mrs. Georgiana Frederica Austen, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £77,000. The testator gives £1800 to his wife; he also gives her the right to occupy Capel Manor House, and the personal use and enjoyment of the furniture and effects during life or widowhood; £1000 each to his daughters Charlotte Marianne Smith Marriott and Roma Catherine Mary Austen; a dwelling-house with cottage at Sevenoaks to his sisters Catherine Frances Austen and Marianne Austen for their joint lives and the life of the survivor of them; and many other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the following annuities—namely, £2000 to his wife during life or widowhood, she maintaining and educating his daughter Frances Elizabeth Margaret; £600 to his said two sisters for their joint lives and the life of the survivor of them; £200 to his sister Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzhugh; and £1000 to his brother the said Rev. Henry Morland Austen, and one of £300 to his wife, Mary, if she survive him. As to the ultimate residue, he gives one third, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his daughter Frances Elizabeth Margaret; and one third each, upon trust, for his daughters Charlotte Marianne Smith and Roma Catherine Mary, but provides that the income of each of the latter's shares shall not be less than £500 per annum.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 17, 1893) of Mr. Henry Chasemore, late of Croydon, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 15 by Thomas

Chandler, Philip Chasemore, and George Chasemore and Henry Chasemore, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors, Mr. Chandler and Mr. Philip Chasemore; £500 to his brother, Mr. Frederick Chasemore; £1000 each to his six daughters; and £36,000, upon trust, for his six daughters in equal shares. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his two sons, George and Henry.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1865) of Mrs. Louisa Maria Foot, late of Hanbury Vicarage, Burton-on-Trent, was proved on Dec. 14 by Montague Scott Williams, the nephew, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 towards the endowment of almshouses for persons about seventy years of age of the parish of Hanbury to be erected on the site of the old stables at Hanbury Vicarage, and to bear this inscription, "As a thank-offering for mercies received by J. R. F. and L. M. F. these almshouses are founded"; £50 each for the benefit of the churches at Compton Valence, Longbredy, Hanbury, Woolland, and Nice; £50 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Bible department of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Church Missionary Society, and the Vaudois Church; a contingent legacy to the Dorset County Hospital; and other legacies pecuniary and specific. The residue of her property, subject to the life interest of her husband, the Rev. Jeffery Robert Foot (since deceased), she gives to her brother Montague's children.

The will (dated July 18, 1889) of Mr. Charles Russ, late of 70, New Bond Street, furrier, and of 27, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Emily Russ, the widow, William George Schoof, and Charles Maurice Mühlberg, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife; £25 each to his other executors; his leasehold residence with the furniture and household effects to his wife, for life or widowhood; £5000, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and the income of £2500 for life in the event of her marrying again; and £1000, upon trust, for his sister Bertha Schöne. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, is to be equally divided between all his children.

The will (dated May 5, 1885) of Miss Ellen Francis, late of Farm Hill, Waltham Abbey, Essex, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Dec. 14 by the Rev. Theodore Francis, the brother, and Richard Harold Francis, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testatrix gives her cottages at Little Farm Hill and all her plate and plated articles to her said brother; her residence at Farm Hill, the remainder of her real estate in the county of Essex, and all her furniture and effects, live and dead stock, to her said nephew; £1000 to her niece Mabel Mary Francis; £2000 each, upon trust, for the daughters of her said brother; and £1000 each to the

sons of her said brother; but her brother, and after his death his wife, Mrs. Harriet Francis, are to have the income of the legacies to his sons during their lives. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother, the Rev. Theodore Francis.

The will (dated March 30, 1889) of Mr. Henry Freeman, late of Camborne House, Harborne, Staffordshire, tea-merchant, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 13 by John Harry Freeman, the son, and John William Webster, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor, Mr. Webster; and £1000 each to his three children John Henry, Adah Sophia, and Hannah Elizabeth. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death he gives his freehold residence, Camborne House, and two leasehold villas to his said son; two leasehold villas each to his said daughters; and the ultimate residue to his three children equally.

The will of Major-General William Fanshawe Bedford, late of Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Dec. 7 by the Rev. Arthur William Bedford, the son and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6916.

Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar on Dec. 20 opened an exhibition and sale of work on behalf of the North-West London Hospital at the Westminster Townhall, to endow a cot at the hospital; a donation equal to the amount raised has been promised by Mr. G. Hewing, treasurer of the fund.

Her Majesty's Christmas doles, the "Minor Bounty" and the "Royal Gate" alms, were distributed at the Royal Almony, Craig's Court, on Saturday, Dec. 16, and Monday, Dec. 18, to over one thousand aged, disabled, and meritorious persons recommended by the clergy of selected parishes.

A Russian commission of inquiry into the ravages of a caterpillar called monasheuka (*Osperia monacha*) has just returned from an inspection of the Government forests in the provinces of Vladimir, Nijni, Perm, Riazan, and Moscow. Everywhere it found masses of the eggs of the monacha, and in the forests of Zaklyazina the average was 1130 eggs per tree.

The handsome scarlet covers of the new volume of Debrett's "Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Dean and Son), remind us of the almost incessant corrections which 1893 has rendered necessary in the contents of the book. It says much for the editorial care exercised over invaluable "Debrett," that minute examination of the biographies of those who figure for the first time has failed to discover errata. The arrangement and scope of "Debrett" leaves hardly anything to desire; information concerning royalty or a Companion of the Bath being equally concise and accessible, while the subject of "Precedence" (as musical in ladies' ears as "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia'") is treated in a thorough manner.

SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS.

232,000 Prizes of Bicycles, Watches, and Books, value £41,904.

THE FIRST OF THESE MONTHLY COMPETITIONS WILL BE HELD ON JANUARY 31, 1894,
TO BE FOLLOWED BY OTHERS EACH MONTH DURING 1894.

Competitors to Save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the "Coupons") are to be sent, enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the Competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the Number of the District Competitor lives in.

No. of District.	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts, as under:
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:

Every month, in each of the 8 Districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the district in which they reside will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's Premier Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, value £20*

The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s.

The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s.

The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.

The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d.

The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s.

The next 1000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s.

* The Bicycles are the Celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube Premier Cycles (Highest Award Chicago 1893), manufactured by the Premier Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tyres, Salsbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 405 Saddle, Harrison's Gong, Tool Valise, Pump, &c.

Value of Prizes given each month in each district.	Total Value of Prizes in all the 8 districts during 1894.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
100 0 0	9600 0 0
84 0 0	8084 0 0
50 0 0	4800 0 0
52 10 0	5040 0 0
50 0 0	4800 0 0
50 0 0	4800 0 0
50 0 0	4800 0 0
	41,904 0 0

RULES.

I. The Competitions will Close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employés of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families, are debarred from competing.

III. A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches, and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitor's District, will be forwarded 21 days after each competition closes, to those competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for Postage, but in all cases where this is done, "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.

IV. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, will award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.



A HOSPITAL NURSE

offers to acquaint, gratuitously, all who, in this cold season, are suffering from any affection of the respiratory organs—larynx, bronchial tubes or lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, &c.—with an infallible means of curing themselves, as she has seen very many patients cured by the same means after having tried all the usual remedies. This offer will be appreciated in all circles. Moreover, the remedy will be sent gratis and carriage free. Apply by letter to Fassett and Johnson, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C., stating the name of the paper in which the applicant has seen this announcement, which will only appear once.

MELLIN'S FOOD

For
INFANTS
and
INVALIDS.

"Newcastle, Staffordshire,
"Dec. 12th, 1892.

"Dear Mr. Mellin,—I enclose you photo of my boy Malcolm, taken when he was 6 months old. When he was 7 months he weighed 24 lbs.; he is now 11 months old, and has 8 teeth; he has taken your Food entirely since he was a week old.

"I have brought up two girls also on the Food, who are now aged 10 years and 12 years respectively. I consider there is no Food like it for children. — Yours truly, "E. TURNER."



MELLIN'S EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

Price 2½d and 4½d per bottle. Sample size, 1/- Of all Chemists & Stores.

AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS.

A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers.

Containing a large number of Portraits of Healthy and Beautiful Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials which are of the greatest interest to all Mothers, to be had, with samples, free by post on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford St., Peckham, S.E.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,
65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

CLOCKS.

The Finest Stock in London, at Prices Lower than ever.

JEWELLERY

A Large and Elegant Stock of every Description.

SILVER WATCHES

from £2.

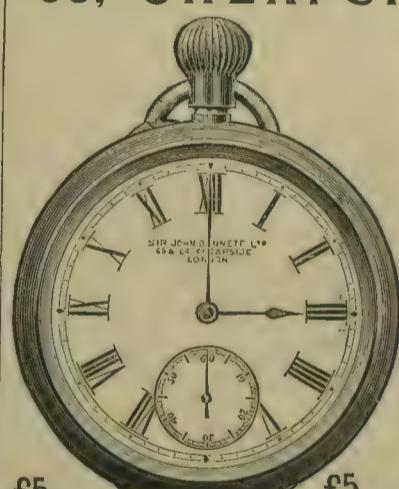
GOLD WATCHES

from £5.



£10 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH,

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto in Silver, 25.



£5 THE CHEAPSIDE 2-PLATE KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,

With Chronometer Balance and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong Silver Case with Crystal Glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight. Ditto in Gold, £12.



£5 LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With plain polished or richly engraved 18-carat Gold Cases, fully jewelled, strong Crystal Glass, air, damp, and dust tight.



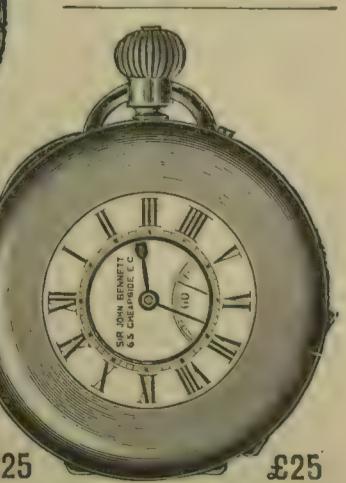
£25 LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, plain polished or richly engraved, 2-plate, finely jewelled movements, Chronometer Balance, specially adapted for all climates.

PRESENTATION WATCHES, £10, £20, £30, £40, £50, to £250.

Arms and Inscriptions embazoned to order.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises by experienced Workmen.



£25 A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 2-PLATE HALF CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions. In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly embazoned. Ditto in Silver, 25.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturers, 65, Cheapside, London.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDWARD POORE, BART.

Sir Edward Poore, Bart., died in West Australia on Nov. 23. The deceased Baronet, who was great-grand nephew of John Methuen Poore, created a Baronet in 1795, was descended from a family long seated in the manor of Rushall in Wiltshire. He was born March 6, 1826, and was formerly a lieutenant in the Scots Guards. In 1851 he married Frances Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Henry Riddell Moody, Rector of Charlham, Kent, and by her leaves an elder son, Richard Poore, Captain in the Royal Navy, 4th class Medjidieh, who succeeds to the title. The present Baronet, born in 1853, married, Sept. 14, 1885, Idia Margaret, daughter of Charles Graves, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, and has one son.

SIR THOMAS BUCHAN HEPBURN, BART.

Sir Thomas Buchan Hepburn, Bart., of Smeaton Hepburn and Letham, N.B., died at Norwood, on Dec. 17. Sir George, the grandfather of the late Baronet, was son of Mr. John Buchan, and assumed the additional surname of Hepburn as heir of line on the demise of his maternal uncle of the Hepburns of Smeaton. The late Baronet, who was born Sept. 30, 1804, was M.P. for the county of Haddington from 1838 to 1847. He married, July 28, 1835, Helen, daughter of Mr. Archibald Little, of Habden Park, Surrey; and is succeeded in his title by his second, but eldest surviving son, Archibald Banister, a barrister-at-law. The present Baronet, who was born in 1852, married, Oct. 7, 1890, Edith Agnes, only child of Mr. Edward Kent Karslake, Q.C., and has one son.

SIR GEORGE ELLIOT, BART.

Sir George Elliot, Bart., died at his residence in Portland Place on Dec. 23. The deceased Baronet was a colliery owner in Durham, and was at one time President of the Institute of Mining Engineers. He was M.P. for North Durham from 1868 to 1885, and for the Monmouth district from 1886 to the last election. In 1874 he was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom. Sir George, who was born in 1815, was son of Mr. Ralph Elliot of Pencher, Durham. He married in 1836 Margaret, daughter of Mr. George Green of Rainton, Houghton-le-Spring, in Durham, who died in 1880. His only surviving son, George William, is M.P. for the Richmond division of Yorkshire.

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD STANHOPE.

The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope died at Chevening, Sevenoaks, on Dec. 21. Mr. Stanhope was the second son of the fifth Earl Stanhope, and was born Sept. 24, 1840. He was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, and in

1865 was called to the Bar. His practice at the Parliamentary Bar was not inconsiderable. He became M.P. for Mid-Lincolnshire in 1874, and in the following year was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, and in 1878 Under-Secretary for India. In 1885 he became a Cabinet Minister, as President of the Board of Trade, and in 1887 Secretary for War. He married, in 1870, Lucy Constance, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Egerton.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir George Berkley, K.C.M.G., President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, on Dec. 20.

Sir Robert Palmer Harding, Knight, at his residence, 20, Wetherby Gardens, S.W., on Dec. 22. He was president of the Institute of Accountants of England and Wales until 1883, when he was appointed Chief Official Receiver in Bankruptcy.

The Right Reverend Walter Chambers, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak, died—after a very long and most trying illness, borne with the utmost Christian fortitude and consideration for others—at his residence in Kensington, on Dec. 21, aged sixty-nine years. His Lordship, who had previously been the first missionary to the Dyaks of Borneo, at Banting, and afterwards Archdeacon of Sarawak, was consecrated Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak, in succession to the late Bishop Macdougall, in 1869, and continued most ably to discharge the duties of that office until 1881, when ill-health, induced by his unwearied and devoted work in the trying climate of Borneo, compelled him reluctantly to resign his see. He married Miss S. E. Wooley, who died in 1875, and with whose remains those of the deceased prelate were laid to rest in the cemetery at Aberystwith, South Wales, on Wednesday last.

The German Emperor has followed up his congratulatory telegram to Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, on his seventieth birthday by the present of a colossal bust of himself in bronze, with a letter in which he expresses his high appreciation of the Professor's life-long labours, and congratulates him on the successful approaching termination of the great work "Sacred Books of the East."

The committee of the English Church of Holy Trinity, Florence, have addressed an appeal to Churchmen in England, asking for aid to complete the reconstruction of the church, which, owing to the suspension of the bank intrusted with subscriptions, is now at a standstill. The church was built some forty-five years ago, by special leave of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Serious depredations are occurring in Spain among the olive groves in the province of Cadiz, particularly in the country between Xeres and Arcos, where bands of male and female labourers, under pretext of the exceptional distress now prevailing, boldly invade the groves and steal the crops.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The children are in luck this year. In addition to the beautiful pantomimes, and circuses, and Noah's Arks, and Constantinoples with which the world of amusements is flooded, there has been prepared for them at the Comedy Theatre the prettiest and merriest entertainment ever prepared in London for the amusement of clever, art-loving, natural, and unpriggish little ones. Mr. Comyns Carr's afternoons are the outcome of a truly artistic and sympathetic nature. Assisted by his clever wife, with whom beauty and colour are the dominant chords, the popular manager of the Comedy, like the good fellow that he is, wishes to enlist the youngest of recruits into the army of art. They cannot learn their goose-step too soon. For them are given every year the most beautiful picture-books, for them a Caldecott and a Kate Greenaway have toiled successfully, so why should they not feast their eyes on the beautiful when they are taken to the Christmas Theatre? Mr. Robert Buchanan has dramatised the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" admirably, and I don't myself care a straw for the opinions of the many objectors who are angry because the little German children are not shut up for evermore in the dark and desolate mountain. Of course the children had to come back, and Mr. Robert Buchanan was quite right to bring them back, and give the youngsters their time-honoured formula, "And so they returned and lived happily ever afterwards." Fancy a Christmas entertainment with a miserable ending! Why, only old Scrooge could have written it. If anyone had to return to the recesses of the mountain it was the fantastic Piper himself; and I can picture nothing more fanciful than this strange creature, who had won the love of little children, half detained on earth by their twined rose garlands and tendrils. On the first afternoon I heard many strange objections to the Piper, but all I know is that the play deeply affected me, and gave the keenest delight to the hundreds of children who were sitting around me. The pessimists, who would poison a plum pudding, complained that the happy ending and the return of the children were all wrong; the scientific musicians quarrelled with the music, because it was tuneful, I suppose; and all the time the audience, for whom the entertainment had been prepared, was lost in admiration. That is quite enough. Mr. Comyns Carr's clients were satisfied, and therefore there is no more to be said. At any rate, if it is a crime to be sentimental at Christmas time, the downright tomboy who loves mischief and practical jokes had a regular field-day when Mr. Frank Burnand's new version of "Sandford and Merton" came on for discussion. How the boys just home from school roared when Tommy and Harry put squibs into their tutor's morning egg, and darning-needles into his professional cushion, and pelted Sambo with apples! Mr. Burnand and Mr. Edward Solomon, who have so often worked well together, are here in their best vein, and so, what with them and the poet Buchanan, the sentimental and the funny child are alike satisfied. All I can say is that we never had such dramatic feasts as these when we were

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1893.

"SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables; I think it very useful.
RUTLAND,
Master of the Belvoir Hounds."

From Lord Haddington, Tyningham, Prestonkirk, N.B.

"Dec. 27, 1885.

"SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, but especially in the stable of a Master of Hounds.
HADDINGTON,
Master of the Berwickshire Hounds."

From the Earl of Harrington.

"Jan. 9, 1889.

"SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it the best that I can obtain.
HARRINGTON,
Master of the South Wilts Hounds."

From Major M. J. Balfe, South Park.

"June 16, 1892.

"SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I can highly recommend it.
M. J. BALFE,
Master of the Roscommon County Stag-Hounds."

From W. De Salis Filgate, Esq., Lissenny, Ardee, Ireland.

"July 2, 1892.

"GENTLEMEN,—I am never without your Embrocation, which I find most useful for all purposes, and I believe it to be the most genuine and effective liniment extant.
W. DE SALIS FILGATE,
Master of the Louth Fox-Hounds."

From Algernon Rushout, Esq., Bourton House, Moreton-in-Marsh.

"July 6, 1892.

"SIRS,—I have used your Embrocation for many years, and find it most useful in a hunting establishment both for hounds and horses.
ALGERNON RUSHOUT,
Master of North Cotswold Fox-Hounds."

From the Hon. Ralph Nevill, 34, Lowndes Square, London, S.W.

"July 4, 1892.

"SIRS,—I have for some time been using your Embrocation, and with good results both in kennels and stables.
RALPH NEVILL,
Master of West Kent Fox-Hounds."

From R. Burdon Sanderson, Esq., Warren House, Belford.

"July 10, 1892.

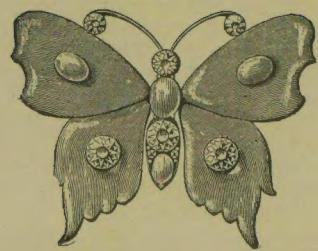
"SIRS,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables, and I consider it very useful.
R. BURDON SANDERSON,
Master of Percy Fox-Hounds."

From Wm. J. Buckley, Esq., Penyaf, Llanelli.

"July 16, 1892.

"DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in recommending your Royal Embrocation. I always keep a stock in my stables and kennels. My farm bailiff has also found it of much value among my herd.
W. J. BUCKLEY,
Master of Carmarthenshire Fox-Hounds."

Streeter London.



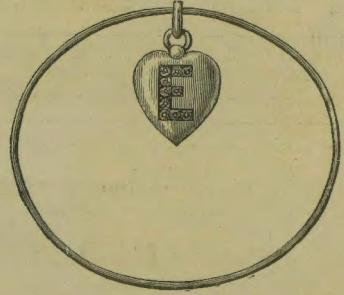
Chrysoprase Butterfly Diamond and Gem Body Brooch, £3 upwards.



Chrysoprase and Diamond Double Heart Ring, £5 upwards.



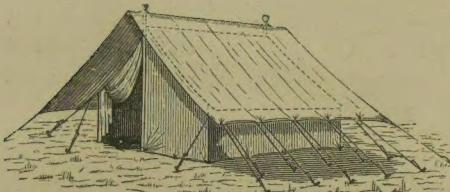
Oval Chrysoprase and Diamond Brooch, £15 upwards.



Chrysoprase Heart and Diamond Initial Bracelet, £5; or with Curb Chain in place of Band, £6.

THE LUCKY CHRYSOPRASE JEWELLERY, SET WITH GEMS, FOR CHRISTMAS AND OTHER PRESENTS.

THE
BEST TENT for AFRICA
IS
BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S
Double-Roof Ridge Tent,

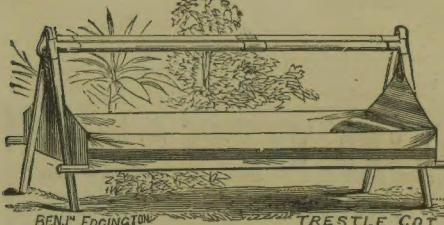


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Strong Camp-Bedsteads, Chairs, and
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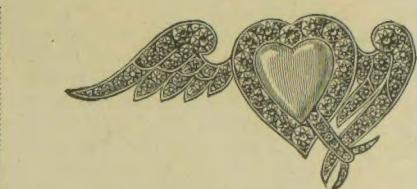
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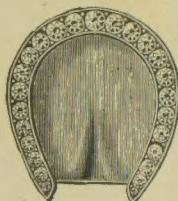
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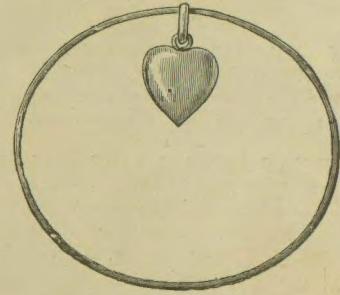
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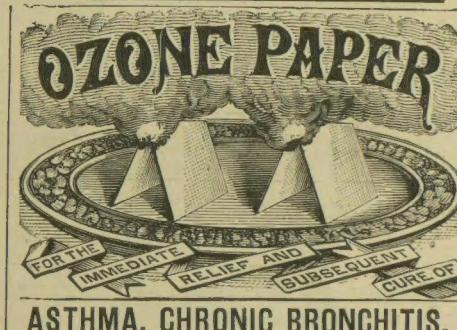
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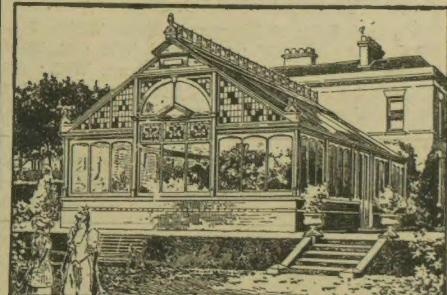
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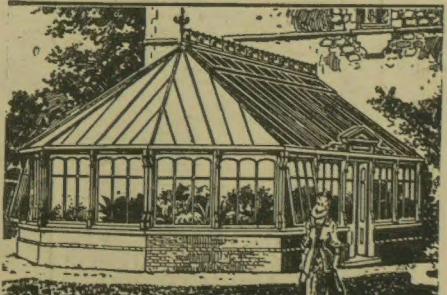
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children, and all the youngsters should pass a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Comyns Carr, who, I doubt not, before the holidays are over, will ask the children to come to a special matinée in aid of all the children's hospitals in London. Now, would not that be a good idea? On that occasion the Little Lame Boy, played so charmingly by Miss Doree, would be voted to the chair, or, better still, go round with his crutch and cap, and humbly beg for some contributions.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has returned for the moment to his mirthful mood, and has found in Mr. Frank Burnand's "Headless Man" an amusing play and an excellent character. I believe the play was originally written for the elder Sothern; afterwards it was submitted to Charles Mathews, when alas! he was too old and feeble to study a new part, and so it naturally in the course of time found its way to Mr. Charles Wyndham, who possesses the keen sense of humour of the one actor and the tireless vivacity of the other. "The Headless Man" is a character new to the stage but well known in every-day life. He is a man of system, who is in reality the most irritating and unpractical creature in existence. His memory is man-

factured, he is a machine set going by notebooks, pencil jottings and memoranda, and he has the happiest faculty for meddling with and muddling every kind of business that he undertakes. To plant such a maddening creature in an orderly, steady-going solicitor's office is like introducing the proverbial bull to the china shop. Mr. Wyndham has seldom given us such polished comedy acting. The art is so complete that we positively see the addled brain when the man looks across the footlights. The obfuscation is obvious. It is like a man who addresses you when he is obviously thinking of something else—not a stupid but an utterly dazed look. But never for a moment does Mr. Wyndham lose sight of the character. He is the man he enacts from the uprising to the downfalling of the curtain. There is no French actor I can call to mind who would play this part nearly as well as Mr. Wyndham does, and there are very few French dramatists of the Palais Royal and Vaudeville school who would not have been proud to have constructed so clever a piece.

Mr. Zangwill has written for Mr. Beerbohm Tree a clever and neat comedietta called "Six Persons," but why it should have been heralded with such a flourish of adver-

tising trumpets I cannot for the life of me conceive. The "puff preliminary" was a mass of some philosophical jargon that the subject itself does not warrant. Fancy if all Mr. Theyre Smith's neat little plays were prefaced by an analytical programme worthy of the Monday "Pops." The story of the playlet is baldness itself. A young couple get engaged at a ball overnight, regret their rashness in the morning, meet, discuss matters, quarrel and make it up again with a kiss. What have six persons, or Oliver Wendell Holmes, or all the pseudo-philosophy to do with such a harmless triviality, except that it is the fashion for youth to take itself so desperately seriously? Plays as good, if not better, and acted as well, have been the property of the stage for countless years. This is the kind of wit akin to turning the story of "Old Mother Hubbard" into a sermon. Next, we shall have deeply analytical and argumentative essays on "Box and Cox" and "The Spitalfields Weaver." I wonder how many persons or souls are forced into the merry body of Mr. J. L. Toole when he acts "Ici on Parle Français." It is a bright and clever comedietta, fairly well acted by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. F. Kerr. *Voilà tout!*

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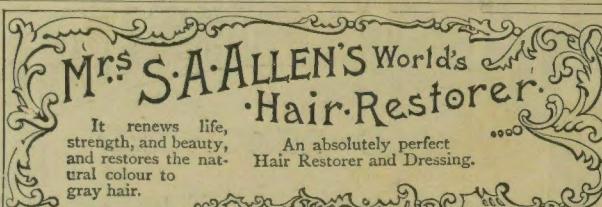
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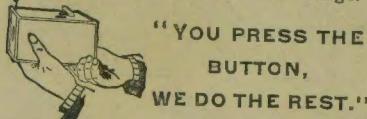
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THE SHADED PART
REPRESENTS THE
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE
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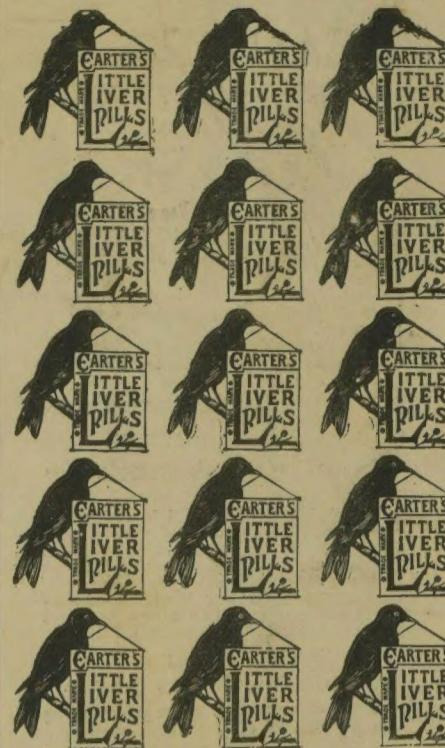
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Far, Far, and away
The Best.

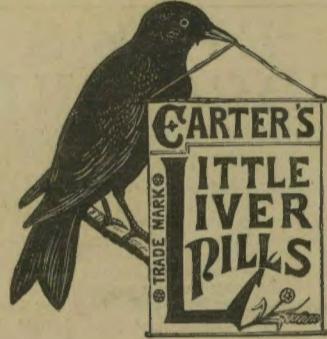
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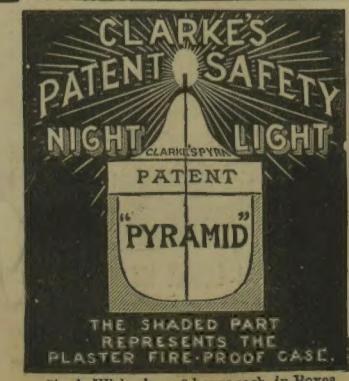
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